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V O L. 5 N O. 2

Adam

**the
man's
home
companion!**

ADULTS ONLY!

Virginia Gordon And Jean Cartwright Know The Secret
To Customer Relations. After All, They Run A Model
Business.....see page 24



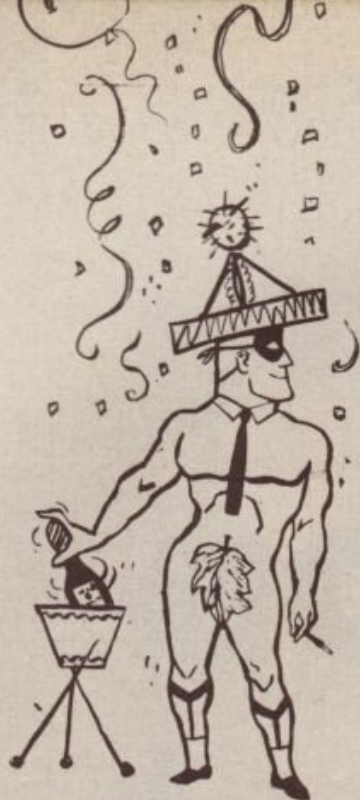
a word from **ADAM**

TALK ABOUT trends! When ADAM started, unlike so many of his competitors, he determined to give his readers a magazine that combined entertainment with reality and impact rather than a light diet of trivia or sex lightly adorned with fantasy.

In the five years that we've been in the publishing business, we have consistently tried to give our readers more and more of this realistic entertainment.

The girls, lightly adorned are still front and present, but even here our readers can see an entirely different approach in editorial policy. Where some magazines just have attractive girls in pert poses, ADAM tries to bring his readers an introduction to a girl as she really is. When a girl poses for ADAM, we investigate her career, her personality and her likes and dislikes and try to present her as a real woman, not just a pretty picture.

Realism is ADAM and we hope you like it that way.



Eleanor Bradley's Not Only A Model,
She's a Top-Flight Publisher's Steno
...see page 7

LOTHAR ASHLEY.....Editor-in-Chief
ROBERT S. LIGHT.....Production Manager
FRANK EDWARD LEE.....Art Director

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The Uncommon Thief



by CONNIE SELLERS

SHE WAS PRETTY cute about it, but Joe Kallas saw her steal the earrings. He'd nailed smoother thieves in his time. She was a hell of a lot better looking than most, though.

And loaded. The tailored suit was a tipoff, rustling like crisp bank-notes, fitting her sleek body like an engraving. Run of the mill shoplifters didn't wear such clothes.

Joe angled casually across the floor. The woman was moving that way, stopping nostril-flared at the perfume counter, pausing to stroke suede gloves. From time to time, he had to take his eyes off her, for he wasn't too familiar with the store layout yet, and tangled himself in crowded aisles. But it didn't matter if she lifted anything else; he already had what he needed.

Even without the store bulletins, he'd have known *what*
—turn the page

Threatened with ultimate degradation, Mira became a slave to the strangest of passions

When he made his last demand, she fled from the room in horror.



THIEF, from page 4

she was, if not *who*. A flush stained her high cheekbones; her near-Eurasian eyes were glassy. Kleptos got excited; professional shoplifters didn't. And the bulletins said Mrs. Mira Romain was a kleptomaniac. The old guy Joe had replaced made a point of it.

Joe lounged at the bargain counter and watched her approach. She was a provocative woman, moving in lithe ripples. The severe suit didn't hide the full richness of her body, but complimented the magnificent curves and breathtaking valleys.

Hands off, the bulletins warned. Underlined. List the stolen articles and add the prices to her account. Her husband could buy a dozen stores like this one, out of petty cash.

That was good to know. Joe Kallas was tired of working for peanuts and thank-yous. And tired of dating leg-weary counter girls and waitresses whose hair smelled of the blueplate special.

A couple of years back, he wouldn't have taken the chance. But the hospital plan and Employees' Insurance didn't handle all the costs. The shots were expensive. Joe touched the bulge of the kit in his inside pocket.

The woman half-turned to pass him. Three more steps, and Mrs. Romain would be out the door. Joe

let her take them. On the sidewalk, his hand closed hard just above her elbow. The flesh was firm. Up close, her skin had the texture of imported silks; her scent was forty bucks an ounce.

"W-what — ?"

Nice voice, cultured and throaty. Joe enjoyed the fear in her faintly slanted eyes, the pink tongue darting to dampen her ripe mouth. "Easy, Mrs. Romain. No fuss, and nothing in the newspapers."

She pulled against his grip. "I don't know what you — let me go, or I'll call —"

"The police?" Joe tightened his fingers, liking the way she flinched. His other hand flipped the ID holder, exposed the badge. "Won't I do?"

"I — I still don't know —"

He leaned into her, forced her back to the store front. Her full thigh brushed his. "The earrings, Mrs. Romain — and whatever else you stole. Shall we go talk about them? In the office or — somewhere away from here?"

Her face paled. Her mouth worked without sound. Fine, Joe thought. The store background on millionaire R. C. Romain had been correct. A stuffed shirt; a self-righteous tyrant who forced everyone close to him into his own unyielding moral code. That included his wife. Especially his wife.

"Well?" Joe said.

Mira said, "Away from here."

Her eyes were masked by thick lashes. When Joe released her, she mechanically rubbed the ache he left. Cringe, baby, Joe thought. There's more coming.

"You got a car — without a nosey driver?"

Mira wet her lips, nodded jerkily.

"The store closes in an hour," Joe said. "Meet me on this corner. I got you cold, Mrs. Romain. You wouldn't look good in a police lineup."

He left her huddled miserably at the show window. Back inside, he mingled with shoppers, lifted an eyebrow at the floorwalkers. The fruity taste of fermenting pears in his mouth warned him. Joe glanced at the clock and hurried to the washroom. In a stall, he brought out the shiny tube, hating the need for the damned needle.

The woman had been easy. Hell; he should have gotten fat on such kleptos before. Plenty of other store dicks had. But lovely Mira had more than money. She was a rare one — high breasts, graceful, nylon-snugged legs. High society; class. Women like her made a fetish of their bodies, kept them massaged and beautiful.

She wasn't late. The Bugatti purred at the curb. Joe saw the strain on her cameo profile, caught the odor of Scotch blending with her perfume. She'd been building her courage.

Wordlessly, she followed directions to the canyon turnoff. Only a stray car or two passed them before he thumbed her into the dirt lane. Under the trees, he reached for the ignition key, brushing her silken knee. The air was cool, with only the hint of Spring in it, but little diamonds gleamed along Mira's upper lip.

She spoke first. "What do you want?"

"Whatever you think your marriage is worth."

Mira faced him in gathering twilight. "You — you know about my husband?"

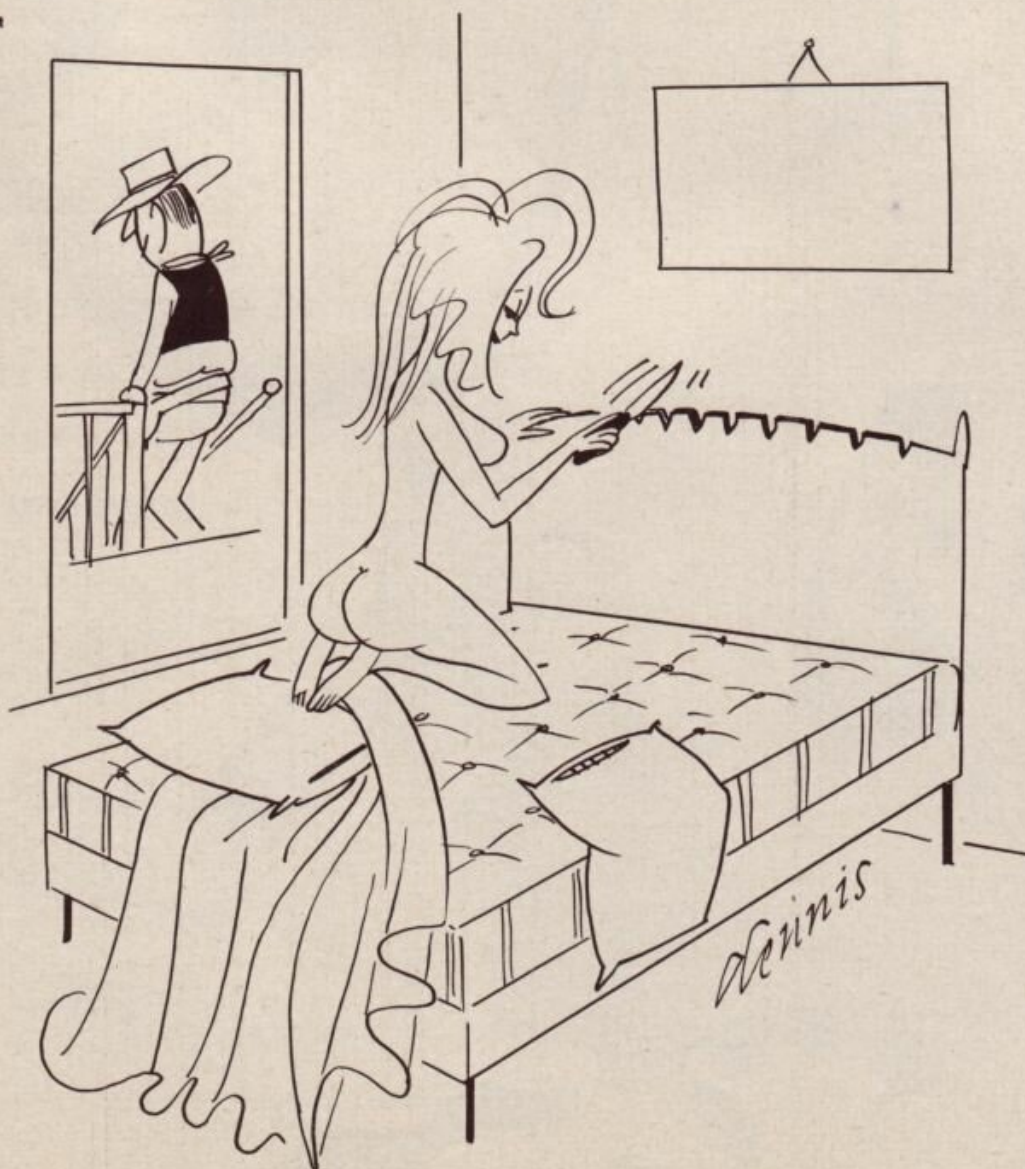
"Enough. He won't like your pictures in the scandal sheets."

Mira shuddered. Joe put his hand on her knee. "I won't make it tough on you, baby. A couple hundred a week. You can pad your expenses that much."

Pin money to a woman like her. His fingers slid over satin roundness beyond her knee. She tried to edge away. "And this," he said, "now and whenever I say."

—turn to page 28

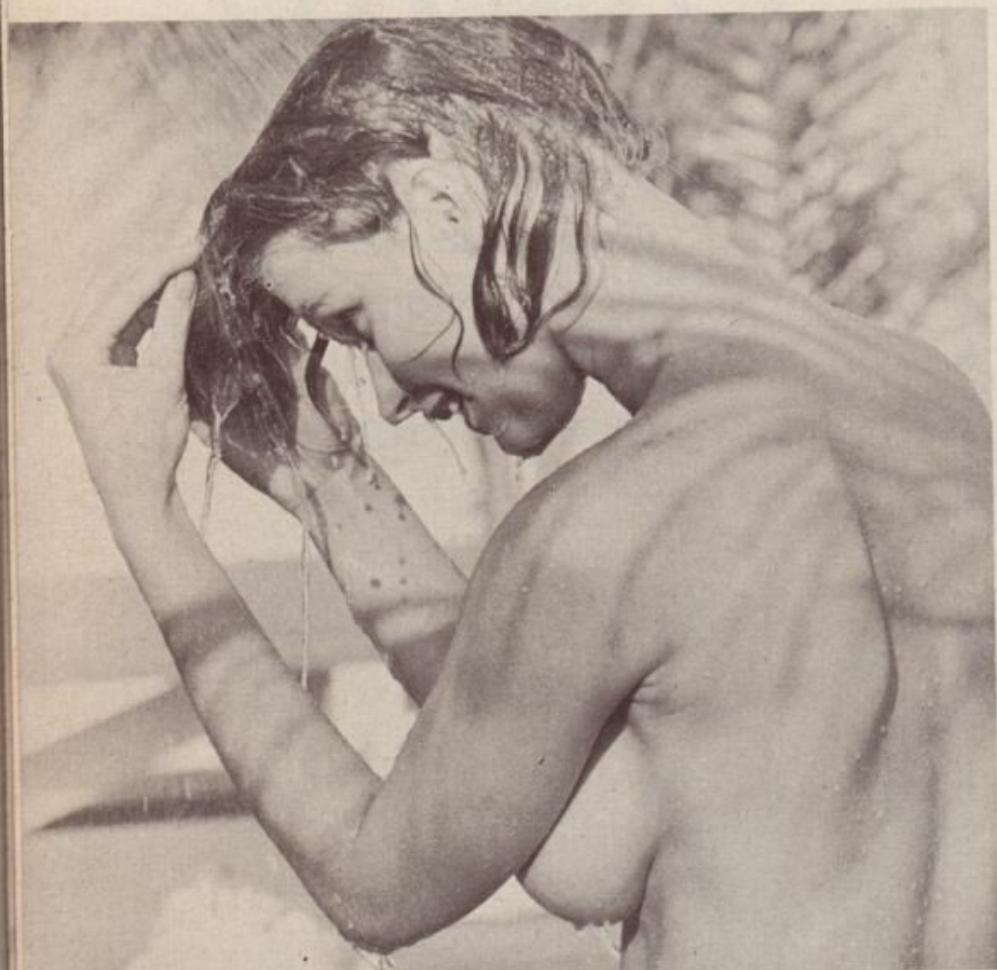
Adam





Sexy Steno

**Eleanor Bradley,
a beauty from
Chicago, is not
only an accomplished
model. She's also a
veteran stenographer.**



This Chicago beauty looks as sexy under the shower . . .



AMERICA HAS long been sung of as the land of outrageously beautiful working girls. But even in America, stenographers seldom come along with the radiant allure of Chicago-born Eleanor Bradley, whose knockout loveliness ADAM photographer Ron Vogel has so stunningly caught on these pages.

- Eleanor, who is 22 years old, is a recent arrival in Los Angeles, where she came to take a vacation studying the flora and fauna of the local Hollywood scene. However, it now looks as if the breath-taking strawberry blonde is going to make the Southern California metropolis her permanent home.

- "It's those awful winters back home," she reveals, spooning the warm Malibu sands. "As for smog, Chicago has plenty of that, too, so what's the point in going back."

- Having decided to stay, Eleanor, whose ability matches her good looks, quickly won a good secretarial job working for a Hollywood publisher, "the same sort of work I did in Chicago."

- A veteran model, who got her start while still in high school, Eleanor found time, thank goodness!, to pose for Ron Vogel between job and dates. Says she, "I have no ambition to be an actress — all I want to do is earn a good living and have some fun."

- Oh, yes — the Bradley eyes are hazel, and as for her dimensions, she stands 5'7" and tapes gloriously at 39-22-36!





...as she does all prettied up at home for the photographer!



TENNESSEE

is a small man. He speaks with a slight

enjoys vodka martinis. More than that, he is the one man who has done more than any other to educate the modern American theatre audience. His plays dealing with basic human emotions and compulsions have been labeled with every adjective from "superlative" to "depraved" and yet, they are products of a basic literary honesty and an artistic talent seldom seen. Whatever these plays may be, they exist because of the peculiar genius of Tennessee Williams.

Tennessee Williams is a strange personality. Part dreamer, part jester, he is always thinking about and

—turn the page

INTERVIEW

by KURT SINGER



WILLIAMS

lisp, wears a moustache and



WILLIAMS, from page 10

talking about his work, but lurking close by are his anxieties which are probably directly responsible for most of his plays.

Like others who live with a mysterious dread, Tennessee has found an avenue of escape through psychoanalysis. Even though he is able to pass over the subject lightly, Tennessee did mention briefly some of the treatments he has undergone.

"I don't like to talk about analysis," he explained. "The public hasn't yet grasped the true value of what this can do to help a person. Instead, they think it has something to do with insanity.

"The treatments are helping me against my old claustrophobia and a fear of suffocation. It was so bad that for a long time when I went for a walk, I couldn't walk down a street unless I could see a bar—not because I wanted a drink, but because I wanted the security of knowing it was there."

Tennessee calls analysis a form of mental therapy as necessary to health as physical exercise. At one time he was so involved in it that his therapist suggested he stop working.

"But I was bored," Williams confessed. "I began to cheat. I'd get up

Adam

at four, type for a few hours and then I felt fresh. The doctor finally surrendered."

He fingered at his brown mustache and continued talking. "How do I work? Coffee always starts me off. I've had a neurocirculatory asthma for years and if I didn't stick my head out the window, I'd start to gasp and have a spasm.

"I try to stay with the typewriter about three and a half hours each morning. When I was working in Rome my landlady spied on me and reported later what I looked like in throes of composition. I talked to myself, she said, recited aloud, made faces at myself in the mirror, danced around the room acting out different parts in the play I was writing.

"My longer plays emerge out of earlier one-acters or short stories I may have written years before. I work over them again and again. My analyst told me I ought to stop working for a time but I couldn't stop. I kept going all the harder as I went deeper into analysis. It became a contest between the two of us, but I reached an impasse and couldn't go on. But all this has been resolved some time ago."

Williams eats no breakfast. When he hits the deck he brews a pot of coffee and toils until noon. The

radio is on and he works to music—even rock and roll. Afternoon is time for exercise, swimming, sunning, a massage. Lunch is light, dinner full and he retires by midnight.

Ideas for his dramas begin vaguely, he explained.

"Here is how *Streetcar Named Desire* was born. The plot was murky, but I seemed to see a woman sitting in a chair, waiting in vain for something. Maybe love. Moon rays were streaming through the window and that suggested lunacy. I wrote the scene and titled it 'Blanche's Chair in the Moon'."

He put the play away and a few years later ran across it when he was in New Orleans. "The plot took shape, Blanche Dubois was created and *Streetcar* became a hit."

Williams was in Florida for the premiere of his new play *Period of Adjustment*. It is called "a serious comedy" and Tennessee explains it this way:

"Two husbands are discussing their married life. What they talk about is serious but the way they do it is comedy."

The little house in E. 65 Street in New York is long, narrow and five stories tall and in the back of the entrance hall there is a midget elevator designed to accommodate one person. The person should not be more than six feet tall or weigh more than 182 pounds. He opened the door and I walked into an upstairs parlor with small couches in dark, dark brown velvet, a wistful palm in a bucket, a small marble-topped Italian table and white walls.

"I thought we'd have champagne," he said. "Sam Spiegel sent me a case. It's Dom Perignon '49 and Sam says it is the best champagne and the best year of it. I don't know. That's what he says."

I said that whereas average champagnes ranged from \$5.50 to \$8.50 a bottle, Dom Perignon for that year was \$11.80 a bottle and Sam ought to know, anyway, since he was a practicing trencherman and bon vivant. Particularly since *The Bridge on the River Kwai* made such extravagances economically possible for Sam.

"Of course, I never knew whether it's bon vivant or bon viveur," said Williams, "but we'll try Sam's wine. On the rocks?"

We had it on the rocks, faced across the little table.

The slim, trim, little man with an Edgar Allen Poe air about him, the man who has ignited the American theater as it never has been ignited, looked at the ceiling between sips of champagne and said,



"Why, yes, a young salesman from the mattress department turned them in!"

musingly, almost as though talking to himself: "I had wanted to go to Havana, and tomorrow I will. I had to go to rehearsal today. It's why I have a cold. I always have a cold when rehearsing a new play. It's psychosomatic, of course. The moment we go to work I start to snifle. I've come to ignore it."

I told him I had thought it odd that in the midst of rehearsal he suddenly was off to Havana. Playwrights, usually, hovered over their rehearsing plays like a pullet over a warm egg.

"I have it in the best of hands," he said. "Kazan. A charged man, a very charged man. He is capable of error, and it has happened, but when he is right, he is right. He is blinding right. *Sweet Bird of Youth* is not going to be an easy play and perhaps I am running away from it. I don't think so, but it's possible. I have confidence in it and Kazan has its facets in hand. I don't think I am running away, I am indulging in a travel whim."

"Is this a play reaching surprising ends?" I asked.

He laughed until the tieless points of his shirt collar shook.

"Is it shocking? I don't think so. It is a play of violence. People are violent. I remember: you were appalled at the cannibalism suggested in *Suddenly Last Summer*. But life is cannibalistic. Truly. Egos eat egos, personalities eat personalities. Some one is always eating at someone else for position, gain, triumph, greed, whatever. The human individual is a cannibal in the worst way.

"In *Suddenly Last Summer* it was more symbolic than actual, but many persons felt I meant it actually. Now the new one, *Sweet Bird of Youth*, is not a violent play. It is a play of violence. There is a difference. It will not plague you with the plot but the situation at the core: a characterless Southern boy is caretaker-lover for an aging film star. He is driving her to the Coast and they pass through his former hometown. There the violence of human passions begins."

"Obviously you have enormous trust in Kazan." I interrupted.

"Well, of course. He has been good for my work. Often. But beneath that recognition from me there is a deeper current not so easily put. There is a kind of subterranean communication between a playwright and a director. No matter what, it is there. Between an inept writer and a blazing director or between a blazing writer and a fool of a director. It has to be.

But there is, also, a limit to this subterranean reaching of each other. The limit comes at the moment of change. Some directors feel compulsion to change, even rewrite a playwright during rehearsal. This is castration of a writer and I cannot stand for that. We never reach that moment."

"Have you ever seen the film version of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*?" I asked.

He was silent, we sipped our champagne. Don Perignon's bubbling, gold treasure was much lower in its bottle. I had time.

"I saw it, I cannot make myself say I liked it. I know compromises have to be made in filming, but it seems to me that expunged material was replaced with vulgarity. However, that is not my major distress. What disturbs me is that after I read the first script version for the film I sat down and worked hard and made on paper a lot of hopefully useful suggestions.

"To this day I have never received acknowledgement that they even received them in the mail. I sold the property and it was theirs, of course. But in plain courtesy I think I should have had even the shortest note saying: 'We received your suggestions. Thank you for troubling

yourself.' Nothing, not a line, not a scratch, has come to me."

"Is writing very difficult for you?" I asked.

"It is," he said, simply. "It is tormenting and torturing. I cannot work easily. I do not say this smugly as though it were a virtue. I wish it were different. But all work is hard to me. I am tortured over every line. I write and rewrite and rewrite and rewrite. Seven versions, eight, more."

"How often did you rewrite *Orpheus Descending*?"

"I worked at that 17 years. Off and on, of course, but when I could. I'd hesitate to count the total number of rewrites."

"The critics were unkind to you," I interrupted. *Orpheus Descending* received a most critical reception. The cannibalism in *Suddenly Last Summer* had provoked similar reactions. Can we ever expect happy comedies from you?"

"Never," was his fast answer.

I had another sip of champagne.

"Well, I'm vulnerable," Tennessee Williams continued slowly. "All writers are vulnerable, and when they get a shockingly bad press they are naturally wounded by it and it gives them pause to reflect and they

—turn to page 53

Adam



"Damn it, Martha — will you stop trying to find a way to escape!"

ADAM's roving reporter collects a series of exclusive interviews in national fiascoville

...and then she said..

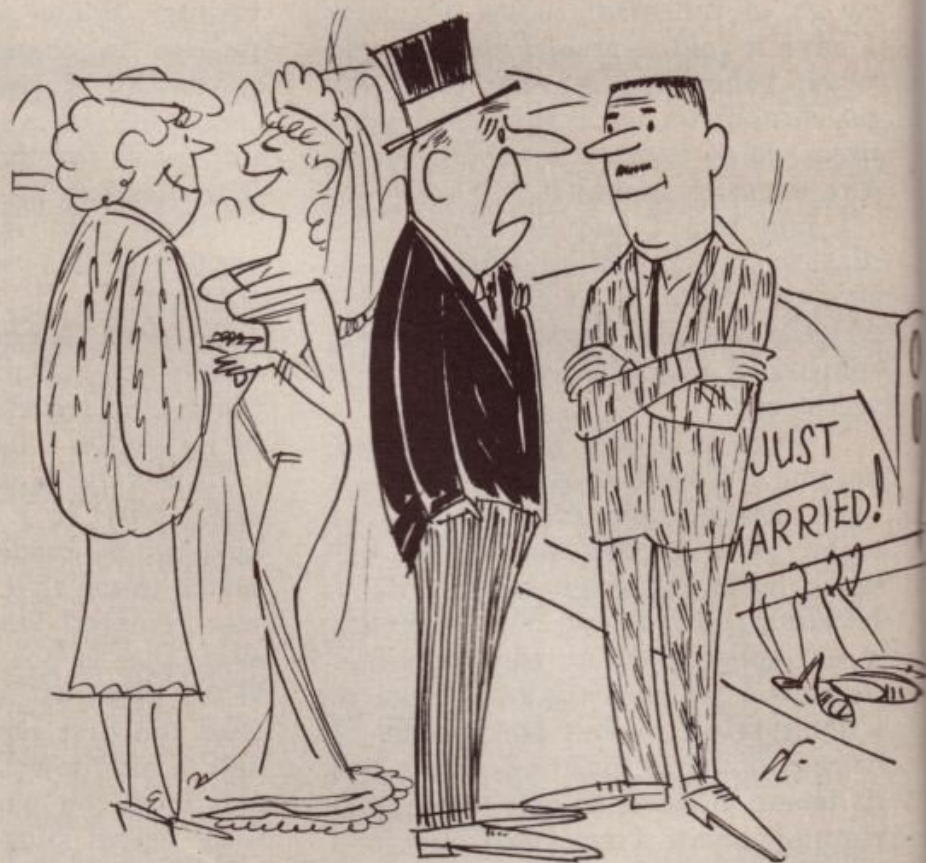
by CHARLES DENNIS



"AND THEN SHE SAID—lying there on the motel bed without a stitch on and half drunk—I won't be 18 for another year and three months'..."



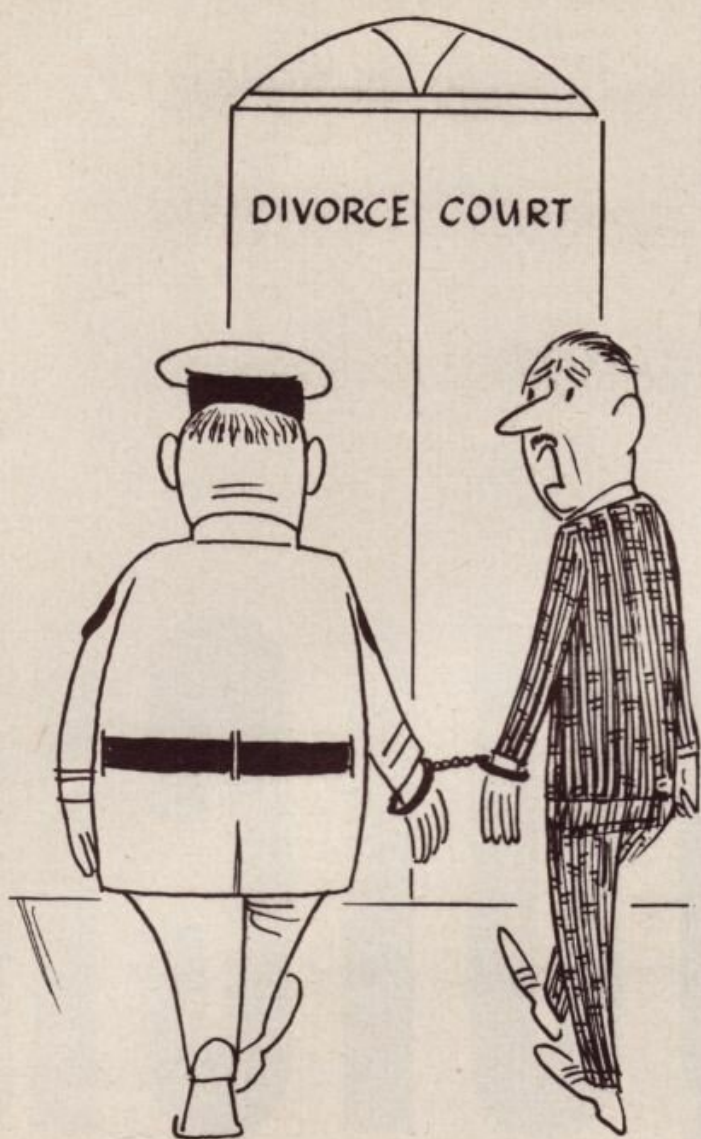
"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'I'm with you Jack—I don't want a home and kids either'..."



"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'there's nothing to worry about—my folks won't be home from the movie for hours and hours'..."



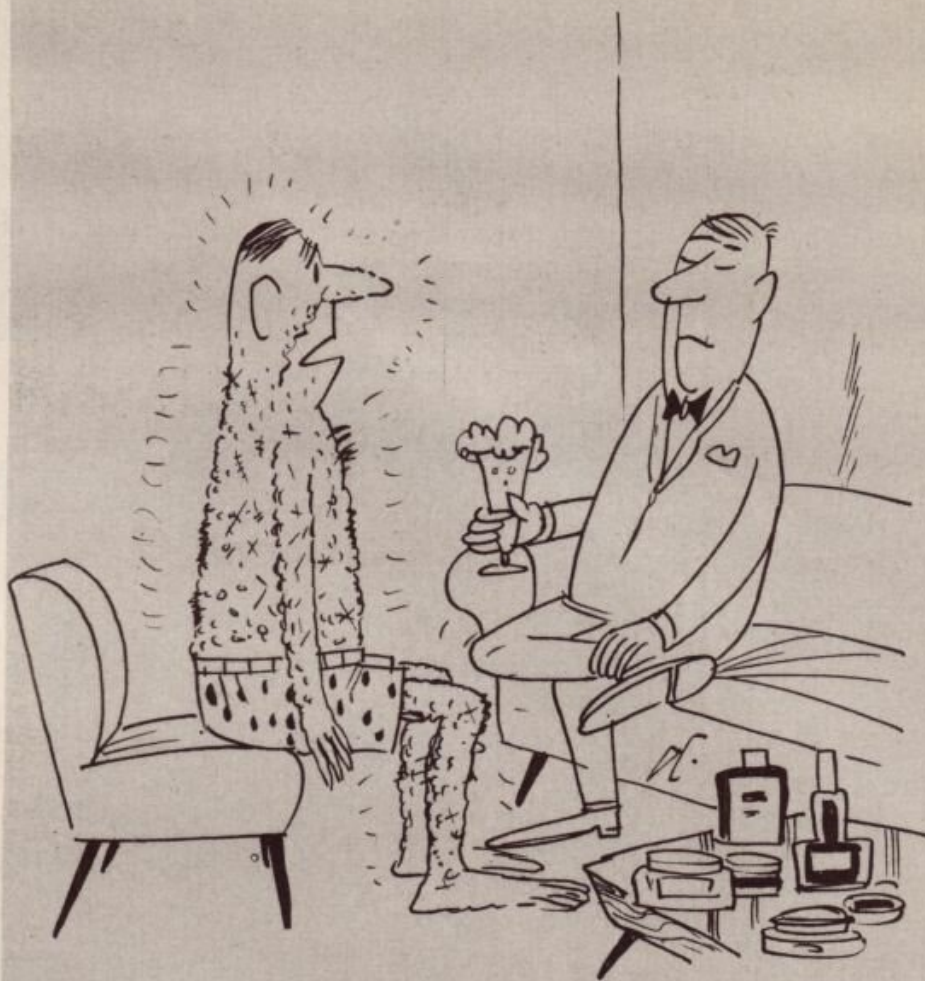
"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'don't worry about me—I can hold my liquor like a man'..."



"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'I don't want to be a ball-and-chain, dear — if you want to look at another woman, you just go right ahead'..."



"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'my husband ALWAYS works until midnight on Fridays'..."



"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'I know all about this kind of stuff—believe me, that is not poison oak'..."



"AND THEN SHE SAID, 'oh, you're so strong—I'll bet you could overpower me with one finger if you really wanted to'..."

ALAN WAS CHANGING a tire on the "borrowed" car when the girl came up behind him. Startled, he swung upright and around, for the road was lonely and the hour was well past midnight. Furthermore, Alan had every reason to avoid being seen.

He had successfully murdered Geneva, his wife of more than eight years, at eleven o'clock that evening. It was vital that he reach Modesto, return the "borrowed" car and slip into his motel cabin without benefit of witnesses. Officially, he was in the northern town on business overnight.

But here he was, and here *she* was. Furthermore, even in the dimness behind the headlights, it was obvious that she was good-looking — a real doozie. Her blonde hair fell to her shoulders, a little unkempt, and she wore the jeans and loose shirt of a dame of the road, a waif. He judged that some truckdriver or small-time playboy had dropped her in the darkness, either because she was too easy or not easy enough.

She said, "Going as far as Westmore, Mister?"

"If I get this wheel changed," he replied. He knew he must be crazy taking a chance like this, but what choice did he have? If he turned her down, she'd be a lot more apt to remember him, under the circumstances.

"I'll hold the flash," she said, picking up the torchlight he had been unable to focus properly, occupied as he was with the wheel and jack.

"Thanks," he told her. "That helps." With her assistance, he had the spare on and the flat stowed away in less than five more minutes. When he got behind the wheel, she was already sitting on his right. He was committed, and that was that.

Neither of them said much during the half-hour it took him to drive to the outskirts of Westmore. She asked him three times for a cigarette, which he gave her. Increasingly, he became aware of her presence, of her closeness, of the fact that she was woman-flesh and nothing more. After eight years of Geneva's finicky bedroom withdrawals, plus the sexual discretion which Lori, his mistress, inflicted upon their relationship, the stallion within him responded to this stray's very vulgarity.

She said, quite matter-of-factly, "Do you want to stop somewhere, nice man?"

To his amazement, he heard himself reply, "Where, beautiful?"

"There's a little road on the right, just around the bend," she said. "The cops never come there."

"I haven't much time," he told her, "I've still got a long way to go before daylight."

She laughed softly, nestling close to him there on the seat. She said, "Okay, we'll make it a quick one then."


So he followed her directions, turning down a moonlit, narrow lane, driving cautiously

—turn the page

QUICK ONE

by AL PRUETTE

**One moment of frenzied passion
could destroy his only chance for
a perfect future**



"Hey, mister . . . give a girl a lift?"

Adam
QUICK, from page 16

along it until she told him he could stop. Her arms went around him, in the darkness, and she met his lips with the soft fullness of her own. Her lipstick tasted of raspberry, but she seemed innocent of other perfume. All he could smell, as they writhed together in that somewhat confined front seat, was the earthy femaleness of her.

Her hands reached for him, even as he made play with her firm young body. She moaned a little at his touch, withdrew her lips from his to whisper, "Don't keep me waiting, nice man. You're driving me crazy!"

Somehow, they managed to get one another partially unclothed, and he discovered that this passionate waif wore nothing at all beneath her jeans. The softness, the responsiveness, the very aliveness of her flesh drove him to a high sensual pitch he had almost forgotten he could attain.

Because her body was new to his, because she was fresh and vivid physically, he attained climax quickly, only to have her ardor enable

him to prolong the wild and sudden beauty of their love-making beyond what he had believed his capabilities.

When at last they separated, the girl exhaled and laughed softly. "I'm about four up on you," she said. "What a workout!"

"You can say that again," he told her. "I only wish..."

Soft fingers caressed his cheek and the line of his jaw. "Don't let it worry you, nice man," she said. "You did me a favor—a big favor. I believe in paying for what I get."

"Where did you come from, anyway?" he asked when he had the car turned around and back on the road.

"From up the road a piece—back where you were changing that tire," she said, and something in her tone told him she was not going to say any more about it. He drove her on into Westmore and let her off where she told him to. She kissed him briefly, then was gone. He watched her walk away, not looking back, for a moment, then put the car into gear and drove on toward Modesto.

THE NEXT morning, in his own white convertible, Alan went about his business in Modesto, calling upon company clients, having lunch with a pair of them in the town's best restaurant. Continuing his rounds through the afternoon. This, unlike the flat tire and the nameless waif of the night before, was all according to plan.

Nor was he surprised, upon his return to the motel, to discover a call in for him from Lori. Her voice, when he got her on the line, was high, tight, excited. She said, "Alan, have the police been in touch with you?"

For a moment, his stomach seemed to turn over. But he controlled himself and replied, "No, darling, why should the police want me?"

"It's Geneva," Lori replied. "She was found dead this morning in your garage. I heard it over the radio. Apparently, she had something to drink last night, then went home and passed out before she could turn off the motor. They're calling it asphyxiation."

He didn't pretend to grieve—not under the circumstances, not with Lori. He said, "I'll start right away. If the police want me, tell them I'll be there by morning."

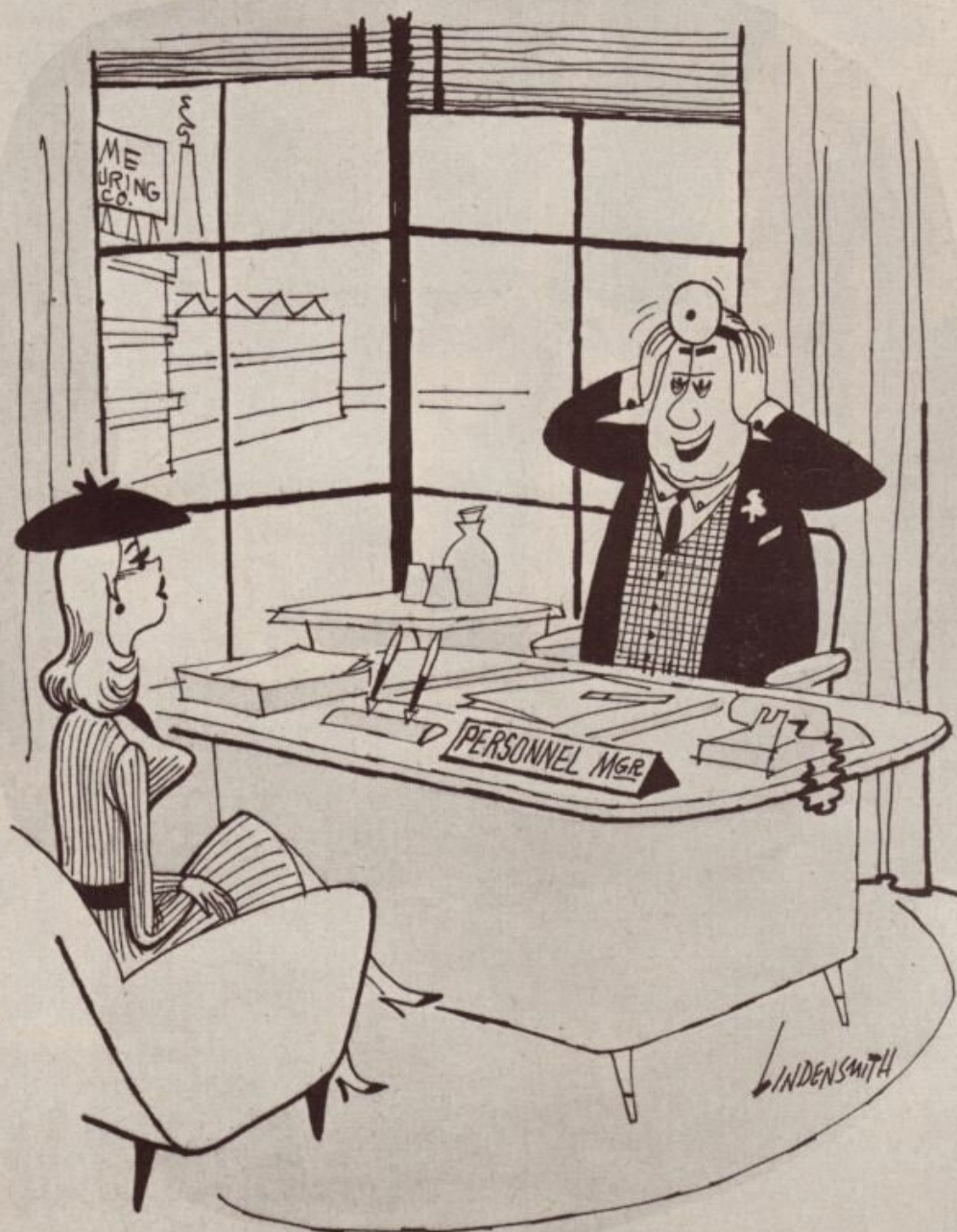
"Okay, darling," said Lori. "Stop by for some coffee when you get here. I don't care how late it is."

Alan hung up, resolved to do just that. Apparently, Lori's small-town-bred insistence upon observing the conventions—an insistence that, as much as his wife's neurotic frigidity, had driven him to murder—apparently it was already dissolving.

Well, he had had his quick one, as she called it, with his waif the night before, now he was to enjoy Lori. It was more sex activity than he had over such a short spell since the first months of his marriage. And he was liking it—liking it fine.

Whatever regrets lingered over having destroyed Geneva melted. After all, his wife had grown increasingly difficult over the years. She had resolutely refused him a divorce. And when she began threatening his salesman's job—apparently out of neurotic jealousy of the female employees—that had been the last straw. One of them had to go. Alan had long ago determined it was not going to be him.

He called his home-town police himself, before checking out of the motel, told them he would be available the following morning, apologized for any difficulties his



"Now, before I can definitely hire you, you must undergo a complete physical examination."

unavailability might have caused them. Lieutenant Jackson, the officer in charge, was exceedingly sympathetic.

"These things happen, you know," he remarked.

"I'm beginning to find it out," said Alan, with a trace of grimness. He thought his tone was exactly the right one under the circumstances. And so, at least over the phone, did Lieutenant Jackson. Feeling more light-hearted than he had in years, Alan checked out and headed south for home, a home free of Geneva's constant nagging frigidity. No flat tires slowed his progress this time — nor did any golden-haired waif turn up by the roadside.

Because he took the main highway, unafraid of being seen and recognized, he reached Lori's modest but comfortable little ranch-house before one A.M. Lori, wearing a semi-transparent negligee Alan could not remember having seen before, flung herself into his arms the moment the door was closed behind him.

"Darling," she said, "I don't know whether to laugh or cry."

"If you must know," he replied, holding her at arm's length, "I don't know either. God but you look good — and smell good — and feel good!"

"You, too — doubled in spades," she said softly, moving in close to him, kissing him with lips and tongue alive, letting her body roll freely against his.

"Hey!" he said when they came up for air. "You were never like this before, honey."

"I never dared let myself go with you before," she whispered. "Not while your — not while Geneva was still alive."

It was true enough. Unlike Geneva, who had burned herself out nervously, and therefore physically, since turning against sex shortly after their marriage, Lori had an animal magnetism of face and body alike, a dark-haired, olive-skinned sexiness that seemed an invitation to a wallow in the hay.

She had been good — Alan would hardly have murdered Geneva if she hadn't been good in bed. But always, he had felt this quality of withdrawal about his mistress — a quality the very reverse of the passionate generosity of his pickup date of the night before. Lori, who came from a Midwestern small town, had received what, to Alan, was an excessive overdose of concern for the conventions, for what people might think, feel or say about her if she was, as she called it, "openly indiscreet" with him.

Over the eight months of their affair, they had managed not more than a dozen real dates — thanks to this rigidity on Lori's part. They had been furtive affairs, conducted in isolated motels or in big city hotels. Even when they achieved privacy, away from the town in which they both lived, fear of being spotted seemed to haunt them, to inhibit their love-making.

But now, as he shared her bed, Alan joyously discovered that the wraps were off, literally as well as figuratively. Always before, when she slept with him, Lori had insisted upon their wearing some sort of nightwear. Now, nightwear was forgotten and unworn. He reveled in her nudity and his own, as she murmured and gasped and rolled beneath him.

At one moment in their erotic release, Alan had fugitive thought of his nameless pickup of the night before. Her passionate responses had been something — yet they were nothing to what he and an awakened Lori had found together. *Poor kid*, he thought, *poor little kid*...

ALAN'S INTERVIEW with Lieutenant Jackson went off smoothly the next morning. The inquest was held that afternoon, and after the coroner presented his evidence, a verdict of "accidental death" was brought in. All that remained was the funeral and the settling of Geneva's estate, which was neither large nor complicated. Had his wife been wealthier than himself, Alan doubted he would have dared dispose of her as he had. It would have offered police suspicions too valid a motive.

With the funeral behind them and the estate settled, Lori and Alan took a discreet visit to Las Vegas. There, for the first time since the night after the murder, they reveled in the passion that had flowered between them since Geneva's death. But upon their return from the Nevada resort city, Alan found himself greeted by a request for a visit from Lieutenant Jackson. Once again, the police detective was sympathetic, in fact almost apologetic.

"It's one of those things, I'm afraid," he told Alan, "and I hate to trouble you so soon after your wife's death. It seems there's a girl — from Westmore who's got herself jammed up in a killing. She's been howling to high heaven that she has an alibi and that you're it."

Alan fought mightily against the seeming overturn of his stomach, against the sense of doom that overwhelmed him at the words *girl* and

— turn to page 66

Lothar Ashley's Memo Pad

EVER SINCE I started out in the editorial "game", lo these many years past, I've had the wish to jot down tidbits and ideas in a regular column. Now, after five years as editor of ADAM, I've finally succumbed to the temptation

The first thing which comes to mind is an interesting but somewhat ridiculous bit of legal-moral maneuvering. A year or so ago there was a huge stink in New York City (presumably one of the most sophisticated metropolitan areas in the world) because a troupe of dancers called *Les Ballet Africains* performed minus brassiers or other breast coverings. The city fathers of New York felt that the female breast was not something to be displayed on a public stage and ordered the women of *Les Ballets* to cover themselves.

Now, *Les Ballets Africains* are back in New York for a return engagement. They have new members in their troupe, new music and new dance arrangements. This time the women are bare breasted again, but it's all very legal.

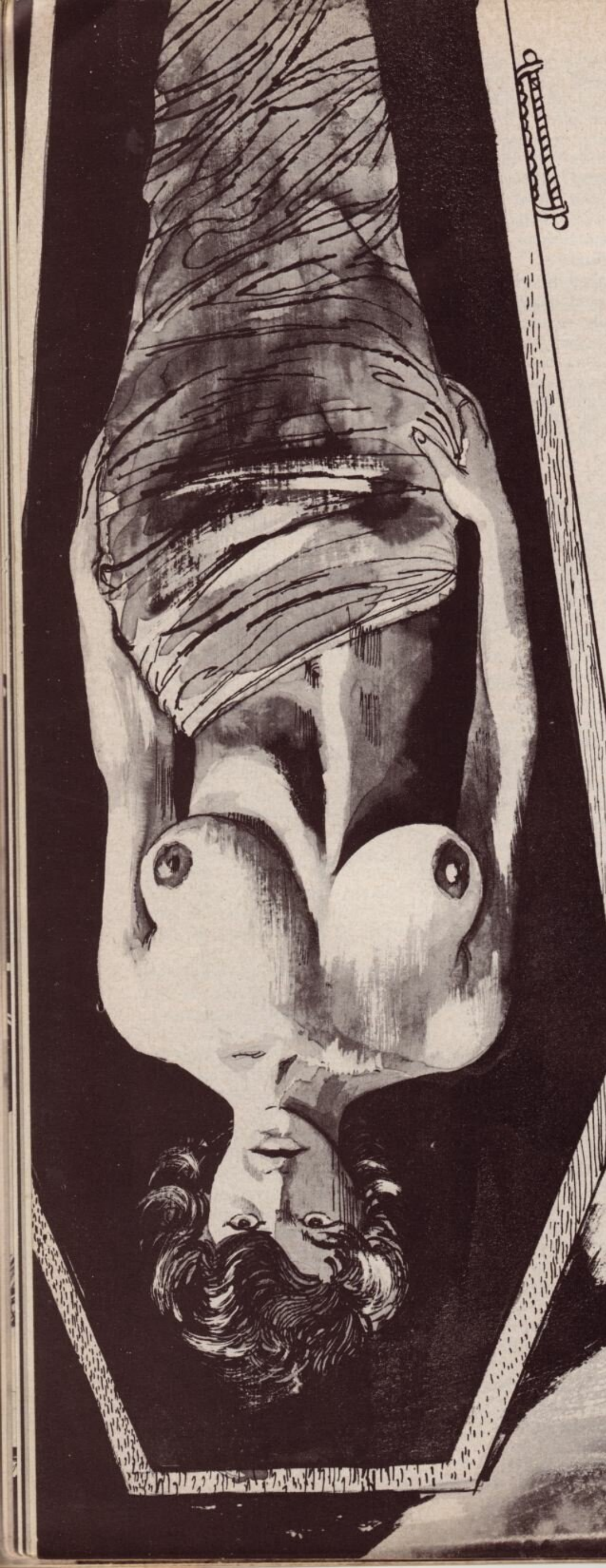
It seems that the British Lord Chamberlain's Office officially declared *Les Ballets* to be ART. Therefore, breasts may be bare during a performance in New York.

The interesting part about this whole situation as far as I'm concerned is that, in a supposedly sophisticated American city the councilmen have to wait for the British evaluation of ART before they can make an obvious judgment regarding bodily exposure on stage. As a matter of fact, it seems somewhat insane to cover the breasts of dancers who portray, and actually are, natives of an area where the women do not usually cover their torsos anyway!

It might help if the city fathers of New York (and many other American cities) began to realize that public morals, art and the sight of bare flesh have very little if anything to do with one another.

As soon as we realize this, I think we'll be much happier. At least there will be fewer of us on psychiatrist's couches.





**The telephone had killed his wife—
and the telephone offered the
perfect revenge**

Number Please

by LEE O. MILLER

THE ACCIDENT happened about one o'clock Friday afternoon in July. Jim Baxter and his wife, Joan, had planned to drive the ten miles into town, to do some shopping, and maybe take in a movie later on.

Right after dinner Jim cleaned up and put on his best slacks and sport shirt. And while Joan finished primping he went to get the old pickup from the shed next to the barn. He found the truck's left front tire was flat.

The interior of the shed was a steamy furnace. Already sweat was forming at the armpits of Jim's shirt. He waved angrily at a wasp that buzzed around his head. Cursing, he got the tools and spare-tire from the back of the pickup. But in his disgusted anger, he didn't do a good job of placing the jack under the front bumper.

Joan came into the shed, bright and crisp in a sleeveless summer dress, and snickered merrily when she saw what Jim was doing. She walked to the front of the truck for a good view.

"Go ahead, dammit. Laugh." Jim snapped.
—turn the page



But there was no use trying to get mad at Joan. She was much too young and pretty. Besides, Jim loved her. They had been married less than a year.

Jim turned to throw the flat tire into the bed of the truck. When he did, the weight of the truck shifted. And the badly placed jack bent under the sudden pressure and snapped. In the crash as the front end fell, Jim didn't hear Joan gasp. Then she said quietly, "Jim."

"Of all the goddamn contrary —" then he broke off, stared through the hot gloom at his wife.

Joan's teeth glistened in a meaningless smile. Slowly she raised her hand and pressed it against the side of her neck. Bright red blood flowed through her fingers, over her bare shoulders, trickled down the front of her dress. She said calmly, "I think a piece of that old jack hit me, dear. It didn't hurt, but —"

"My God!" Jim jumped for her, just as she went to her knees. Carrying her feebly struggling body, he stumbled from the shed and across the yard to the house.

Her head bobbed loosely in the crook of his arm. He saw the jagged tear on the right side of her slender throat. The way the blood was welling out in a smooth flood, the big vein must be cut — just thank God it wasn't the artery.

Into the house, across the kitchen to the living room. And the tele-

phone. She was still conscious as Jim placed her carefully on the floor beside the phone-stand. Blood quickly formed a spreading pool beneath her head.

Jim fumbled a handkerchief from his pocket. Wadding it into a hard ball, he held it tightly against the cut. Almost instantly the white cloth was soaked red. But it did slow the bleeding. Joan gazed up at him with a puzzled frown. "Isn't that funny?" she said. And fainted.

Keeping the handkerchief packed firmly over the wound with one hand, Jim whipped the phone from its cradle with the other. "Get me Doc Mitchell," he shouted. "Hurry!"

"...and like I told her," a voice was saying "she didn't need to think — what? Who's that on the line?"

"Hang up your phone," Jim yelled.

"Well! Just who do you think you are?"

"This is Baxter — my wife's hurt and — hang up your phone!"

There were two phones on this party-line, Jim's and his nearest neighbor's — a widow named Mrs. Pierce who owned the farm adjoining Jim's property. When either phone was in use, it cancelled out the other.

"Please, I've got to get the doctor right away."

"You can just wait your turn," the voice snapped. Jim recognized Cora Pierce's nasal twang. "I want you to know I pay for my telephone, and I have just as much right —"

"You damned, stupid — can't you understand, my wife is badly hurt!"

"Poo. I'll bet!" Cora Pierce snorted.

Jim glanced down at Joan. Her face was a bluish-white and shrunken. She was so still...

"Get off the goddamned line!" Jim screamed.

Now another voice came on. "Maybe we should hang up, Cora," it said hesitantly. "If that man really does need —"

Mrs. Pierce bristled, "We will not hang up. I know all about those Baxters. Think they're better than anybody else. Well, they can't bully me."

Jim was shaking so badly he had trouble keeping the soaked handkerchief pressed against Joan's neck. The red pool under her slowly widened. And no other neighbors closer than three miles. The pickup, useless. But Doc Mitchell could be here in ten minutes or less, if only — oh God.

Jim fought to control himself. He said very distinctly: "Mrs. Pierce. My wife Joan is injured. I must — I must call the doctor. Every minute counts. Please — hang up — your — phone."

"Well... now. If that isn't the flimsiest story I ever heard. Jim Baxter wants to use phone, so everybody else is supposed to bow and scrape and get out of his way."

The other voice said: "I think he's serious. I'm going to hang up, Cora."

"You do and I'll never speak to you again, Agnes White!"

"Please, please," Jim moaned.

Mrs. Pierce laughed. "This is one time you met your match, Jim Baxter. You can wait your turn like everybody else... Now, Agnes, as I was telling you —"

Joan opened her eyes. Her lips fluttered and Jim bent to her. Helpless, bitter tears dripped down his cheeks. Joan whispered, "It — it's awfully cold in here, Jim..."

Her eyes closed again. Her bosom rose and fell in long, sighing breaths, while Jim desperately tried to get the party-line phone clear so he could call Dr. Mitchell.

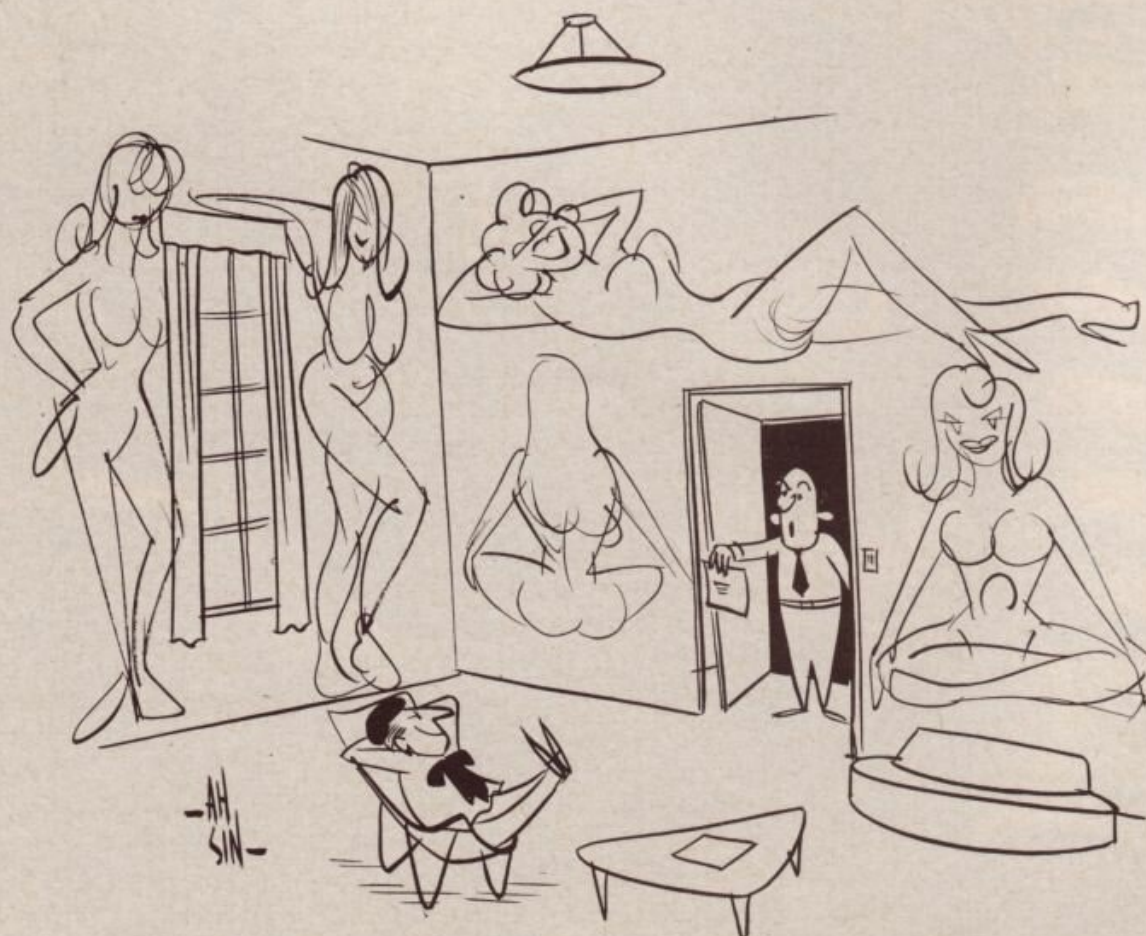
There was still time. There had to be.

But it was no use.

The more he begged, and cursed, and pleaded, and cursed again — the more stupidly determined Cora Pierce was to continue her own conversation with her friend.

"I know my rights," said Mrs. Pierce, "so this will teach you not to try and bully me. And if you don't quit interrupting, Jim Baxter, I'll have the law on you."

Adam



"I said I'd pay for redecorating your apartment, Ludlow, but what is this. '\$2,000 model fee'?"

From time to time her friend, Agnes White, twittered vaguely. Perhaps they should hang up. They could talk later. If that man was really serious, why then—

And for Joan, time ran out.

Jim never knew when she died. But suddenly he realized he could no longer feel the faint beat of the pulse in her throat. As the phone dropped from his numb fingers, he heard Cora Pierce's prattling voice: "...but I told *him* that he didn't need to think he could shove off inferior merchandise on *me*—they have to get up mighty early to fool..."

Jim knelt beside Joan's body. He stared at the sodden rag clenched in his fist. The compress had slowed death's approach—but couldn't stop it.

His distracted gaze wandered around the hot, dim room, settled on the telephone. Gently he replaced it on its cradle, cutting off Mrs. Pierce's tiny voice.

He picked up his wife and placed her on the couch. A fly had gotten into the room, and its delighted humming was very loud in the silence.

It was almost sundown by the time Jim got the pickup repaired and drove into town, with Joan's blanket-wrapped body propped on the seat beside him. At the hospital he ignored Dr. Mitchell's horrified pity; the nurse's tearful sympathy. Joan had been very popular in the county.

Only two things Jim wanted to know: Had Dr. Mitchell been in his office at a little past one o'clock.

Yes, the doctor had spent most of the afternoon there.

"And could a person with—with the jugular vein cut, could she have lived? If she'd had treatment in time?"

"Jim," Dr. Mitchell told him, "I couldn't possibly give a definite answer. Too many factors involved—the extent of the damage, the general health of the patient—oh, Christ, boy. *Why didn't you call me at once?*"

"Could she have lived, Doc?"

"Of course she could have lived! If only—"

"Thanks, Doc," Jim said politely, and walked out of the hospital into the gathering dusk. "That's what I thought..."

THAT SAME night, by a strange coincidence, Cora Pierce had a peculiar accident. She was returning home after having dinner with her friends, Mr. and Mrs. White, who

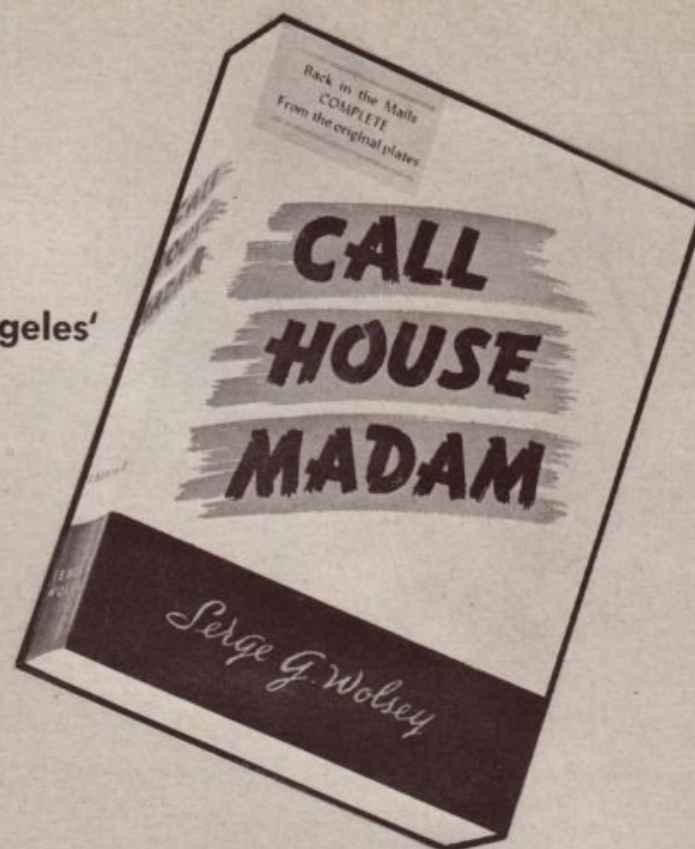
—turn to page 50

BOOK REVIEW

by ROGER TURRELL

New best seller tells the intimate history of Los Angeles' most famous madam

CALL HOUSE MADAM



ALL HOUSE MADAM is the story of the career of Beverly Davis as told by Serge G. Wolsey, and published by the Martin Tudor-dale Corporation of San Francisco and New York.

The current edition of this sensational volume, originally published in 1942 and lost in the wartime shuffle, is an unabridged, paperback reprint. It tells the first-person story of a real-life Hollywood procuress, a sort of West Coast Polly Adler ("A House Is Not a Home"), with no punches pulled except that most of the names and places listed in its anecdotalage are fictitious, from "Beverly Davis" to "Kitty Kapler". A lot of the reading fun, for fans and insiders alike, comes from trying to fit the proper (or improper) pseudonym to the real life person portrayed. Most readers should score high if they know anything at all about Hollywood and show-business.

For the rest, this longish (446 page) tome is an exceedingly frank story of how a 14-year-old San Francisco girl, abandoned by her parents, became an upper-echelon Golden Gate whorehousekeeper at sixteen, only to be driven from the Bay City by an anti-vice crusade and, while still under her majority, the most successful chain call-and-whorehouse operator the Los Angeles area has ever known.

These were no fly-by-night crib or bed joints. These were de luxe brothels that catered to the costliest tastes in moviedom, oildom and local politicdom, to say nothing of visiting firemen. When a producer wanted a bunch of good-looking, willing damsels to entertain New York bankers or sightseeing potentates, he called on "Bee Davis" for however many he needed, ranging anywhere from one girl to a hundred. If he wanted blondes, brunettes, redheads, Orientals or a mixed bag, he merely specified and got what he asked for in the quantity requested—and was billed accordingly in short order at \$100 per girl per night and upward.

Miss Davis detested pimps, and so complete was her protection that she never had to deal with these odious middlemen in all of her decades of playing top-procuress to Hollywood. However, she catered to every known form of perversion—and makes no bones about it in this six ring circus she calls her memoir.

In the afternoons, her houses were frequented by wealthy women with nothing on their minds but boredom and how to evade its clutches. They drank champagne, made love to clients of both sexes, were usually home in time to play the gracious hostess at dinner.

"Beverly Davis" hit her peak during the lush days of the 1920s, when income taxes were low and silent films were making money faster than Mr. Doheny's oil wells. But while the depression and crash wiped out a lot of enterprises, they merely dented Miss Davis' prosperity. She kept right on going until World War Two, when she retired and has, presumably, lived happily, to say nothing of luxuriously, ever since.

If you want the inside of this ancient profession, "Call House Madam" is your dish—for the whole story is frankly told—and her name, in this volume at least, is Beverly Davis.





Jean Cartwright is the blonde on the left. Her partner is winsome Virginia Gordon.

With Their Time Priced By The Half Hour These Girls Expect Success From Their Unique Venture

A MODEL BUSINESS

by MIKE DAWSON



Beginning A New Business Is Not All Peaches, Cream And Customers. Moving In Equipment And Props Took Almost a Week.



Photos by BRUCE GILBERT

THE SIGN ATOP the stoop of the white stone building says "Virginia and Jean's Camera Supplies," but there is a singular difference in the business owned by exotic Virginia Gordon and "blonde bombshell" Jean Cartwright that makes it superior to the most modern, fully equipped photo store in the world.

They do sell supplies such as film and flashbulbs — and they throw in free floodlights, props, costumes and even cold pop — but the main supply of their unique establishment will never be found in an ordinary camera shop: Chief sales items are Virginia and Jean — costumed or nude, photographer's choice.

These two beautiful and enterprising Hollywood gals are the owners and proprietors of a complete models' studio catering to the talents, whims and fancies of the amateur photo bug who has never before had the chance to work with live professional models. Their studio at 1932 North Hillhurst Avenue, near Hollywood, is a completely furnished apartment with living room, dining room, bedroom, kitchen, and exterior patio sets. Oh yes — there is also the bathroom and shower. If nothing else, they are the cleanest, sweetest smelling photographers' models in the business.

"On a busy day," says Virginia, leaning out the bathroom door and patting her smooth, lush hips with the giant towel, "I take about six showers and baths. I don't know what it is about a girl in a tub all lathered up and wringing wet, but photographers go for it."

We came to call during the fourth shooting session and second shower of a working day that had begun three hours before at high noon. Happily, we were considered members of the family and permitted to wander at will — thus the interview at the bathroom door.

The beaming photog having departed with three rolls of exposed film, Virginia wrapped her 5-foot-6-inch figure in the towel, and we all curled up cozily on the large living room couch for a chat. Underneath the towel was something that went 39-22-35, prime merchandise in her field.

"No point in getting dressed again," said Virginia, placing a cigarette between her lips. "I'll just have to change when a customer comes in."

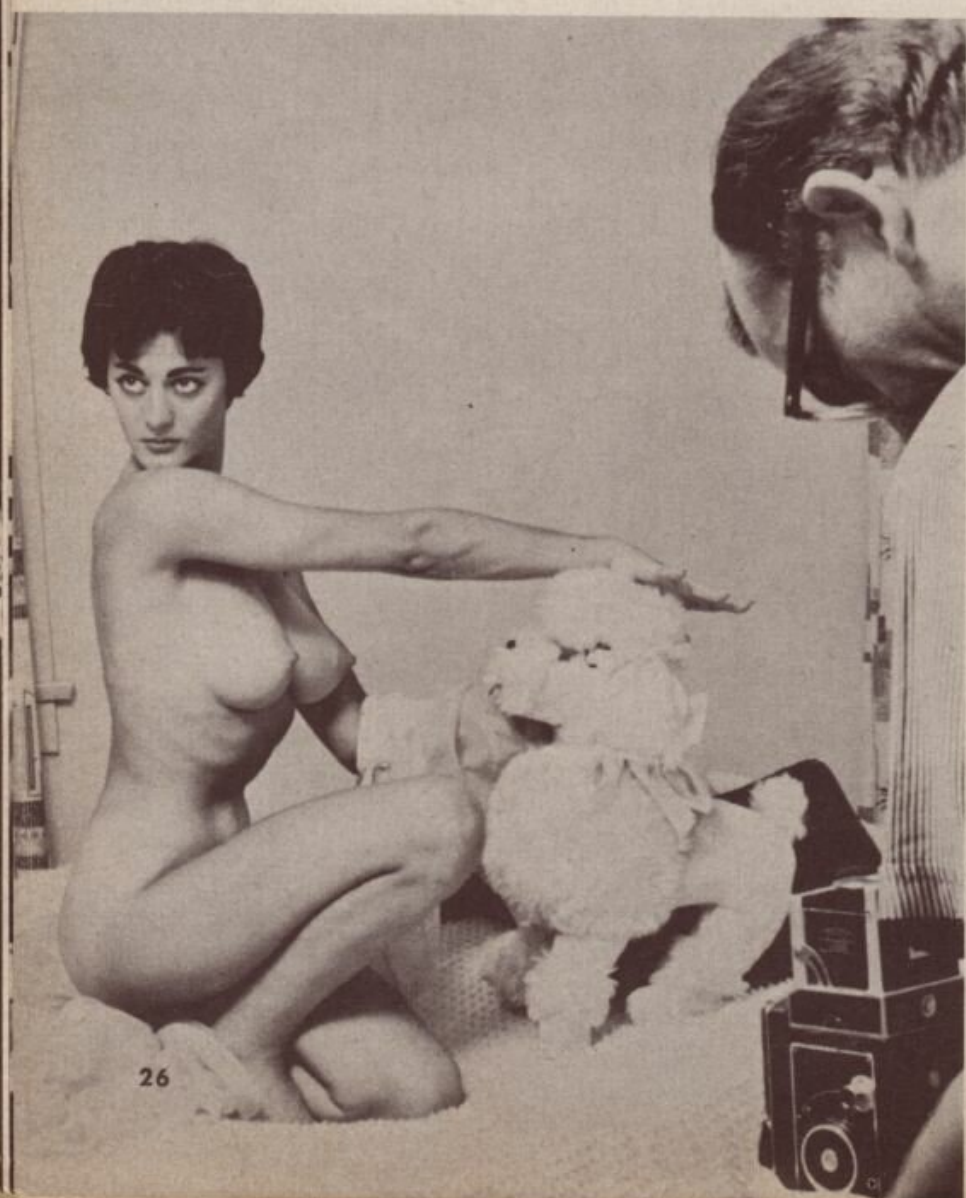
Jean, who draws her own heavy share of eager

*The Girls Claim That Most Clients Prefer
Either Bedroom Or Bathroom Shots.*





From the beginning set up through readjustment to the final perfect shot is both work and fun for model and photographer.



shutterbugs with her "blonde-bombshell" ads in the newspapers, wore brief shorts — "I'm five feet five and a half, but mostly leg" — and a brief halter that verified to a large extent that she was 36-24-36.

The idea of a models' studio — staffed, equipped and operated by models rather than photographers — is a fairly new one in the field of photography, Jean explained. It was while working at another studio, run by an agent, that she and Virginia met and decided to strike out on their own. Both 23 years old, they had already put in a number of years working for the top glamour photographers in Hollywood, during which their pictures appeared in dozens of national magazines. Working for the pros, they had learned quite a bit about the technical end of the business; working at the models' studio, they realized they could run their own a lot better — and make more money at it. They opened for business July 1 of last year and haven't had a dull day since — except for the Wednesdays they take off.

Both girls exude large amounts of genuine charm which immediately puts the sometimes nervous amateur in a state of blissful repose. "Sir" is the word heard most often in the studio, both over the phone as they handle queries and appointments, and in the studio while dealing with customers. Their deference to "Sir" — the customer — is a magnificent thing to see in this age of generally discourteous economics. As a matter of fact, their sweetness and politeness toward their clients is more closely akin to the attitudes of a couple of lassies running a Salvation Army shelter.

"Sir!" we overheard Virginia coo into the telephone during an interruption in our visit, "I suggest that for that you visit a public house of prostitution. We don't do anything like that here."

She was not indignant — merely firm.

A similar complication of their business, which they didn't discover until they moved into the studio, is reminiscent of one of the most hilarious comedy threads running through that classic, long-running play, "My Sister Eileen." It seems that before the opening of "Virginia and Jean's Camera Supplies," there was a more stellar attraction occupying the little front room they now use as an office. There was a large bed in there, and it was the work room of a shady lady known as Yvonne. A veritable army of hesitant gentlemen still come to the front door, peer around into the little room, and ask "Is Yvonne here?"

"They are usually quite disappointed when she is not," explains Jean, "but a lot of them are quite willing to shift their allegiance to us. However, we explain as firmly as possible that we're in the photo business and our only clients are photographers."

All you need to get in the front door is a camera, a genuine interest in photography, and the price of a shooting session — "Seven dollars a half, eleven dollars a whole," as they say into the telephone about fifty times a day. Sometimes they have to quickly explain in embarrassment, "That's eleven dollars a whole hour, SIR!"

For the photographer who wants variety in his shooting, they will even split the hours for the price of one model. For those torn between the striking bloneness and long legs of Jean, and the dark, exotically facile features and more ample bosom of Virginia, this presents a Solomon's-choice answer to what could easily

— turn to page 36

All Nudes Is Good Nudes At Virginia And Jean's Camera Supplies



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THIEF, from page 6

Later, he'd outline the rest to her. Like choosing better stuff to steal, and turning the loot over to him. He'd have to be firm. Kleptos were like packrats, snatching anything that glittered—cheap costume jewelry, bright compacts. They could lift diamonds just as easy.

"Now," Joe repeated, and slid out of the car.

She came slowly, unwillingly to shiver before him. He felt the trimness of her tiny waist, the swelling of her hips. Her mouth was a sweet trembling. She felt good; warm and throbbing beneath his touch as he forced her back and down upon the dryleaf earth.

White lovely thighs squirming above the gartered bands of nylons; lacy underthings ripping; the smoothfine embrace of her against him and with him in the wind. Mira's breasts thrust and flattened; her high heels spiked the ground, dug spasmed furrows writhing through it. Her flesh tensed, drawing taut and straining until the tightness snapped and spun them whirling in the scurrying winds.

She was silent as she drove to his dingy hotel, numb clay to handle as he wished, helpless under the threat of exposure. Beautiful, terrified wench. His teeth clashed against hers as he kissed her goodbye. She tasted of fear. Joe warned her about lifting tawdry trash, told her to take only the expensive things, and to bring them to him.

Obediently, Mira did as she was told, because she had to. On orders, she brought him something he had long needed—an alarm wristwatch to signal time for his shots. Joe's bank account grew swiftly.

But he wasn't satisfied. Not with snatched moments in the woods. He wanted Mira spread for him in luxury, quivering on satin sheets with time for unhurried experimentation, time to enjoy her gasps of hurt and shame.

They were in his room when he told her this, insisted she be with him for an entire weekend somewhere, a good motel—

"No," Mira said. "Please—someone might see us. I might be recognized. Please—"

"Where, then? This place is no good, and you're scared of it, too."

"I—I know a place. My husband's cabin in the mountains."

She described the luxurious hide-away R. C. Romain kept; no cabin, but a log mansion that offered complete seclusion. A gate, fifteen miles across a thousand acres of crags and timber; not even a telephone.

"And your old man won't drop in?"

Mira shook her head. "A business trip. He'll be gone a week. But—wouldn't you be satisfied with more money? I can manage five hundred—"

He dug savage fingers into her hip. "And miss all that time with you? I got some great ideas for Mrs. Romain, baby—ideas that'd make her old man choke on his caviar."

She wanted to beg him some more, but the flavor of old pears was on his tongue as the wristwatch alarm buzzed. Joe hurried her out, before she got any ideas, before he had to let her see him take the shot.

SATURDAY MORNING, she came to pick him up, coming directly from the airport. Nice, Joe thought. Kiss the millionaire bye-bye, and run straight to Joe Kallas.

The house was the end of nowhere, reached by a winding road that clung to mountainsides past the big, locked gate. It would be a tough, lonely hike, if a man had to walk it. Joe didn't. He rode in the Bugatti, with Mira. There was plenty of time now; a thousand acres for Mira's screams to echo in, but nobody would hear.

Poised trembling in spike heels and black net stockings, she was lovely in the brightwarm glow from the huge candelabra. Mira's naked body seemed polished, gleaming. Joe twisted her hair, flung her kicking upon the white fur rug.

She screamed as he hurt her, cheeks wet with helpless tears, angry bruises growing on her pale-white thighs as he pawed at her pain and terror. Panting, he mauled her on the furry floor, stretched her moaning in erotic frenzies. She whimpered as he lost himself in the smooth marble of her thighs, in the coiling and clenching of her soiled thighs.

When he let her go, she went to the bar, poured quick drinks down her throat. Joe didn't envy her the jolt she got from whisky, taboo to him. He got his kicks other ways—many other ways.

Shamefaced, Mira got her robe, pulled it tight around her. He sneered; she wouldn't be such a schoolgirl when he finished with her.

"My jacket pocket," he said. "Light me a smoke."

She brought him a cigarette, clinched her small fist about the glossy lighter. Eyes glazed, she dropped it into her robe pocket. It clinked.

Joe talked to her, detailing the things she'd soon have to do, mouth-

ing the sensuous words. Mira rocked, bit her lips.

He laughed. "You got no choice, baby."

She scuttled back. "No! I won't—do that!"

"Sure you will. Like I said, you got no choice."

Surprisingly quick, Mira spun for her purse and dashed across the room. Joe rolled over and leaped for her, felt his hands slide off one pistoning leg. The door slammed behind her. He pulled at it.

Too late. Sobbing hysterically, Mira was already in the car. He screamed at her as she gunned the motor and raced away. The psychotic wench! She'd pay for leaving him stranded in the woods like this.

Back in the house, Joe thought it out. Maybe he'd pushed Mira too far, but his bank account was fat. And there was the husband she'd forgotten. The old Puritan would pay plenty to keep Joe's mouth shut; keep the Romain name out of the papers.

Then let Mira see how far her packrat stealing could go—without a million bucks behind her. She'd be in jail, or what would be worse, in a psycho ward with headshrinkers pulling and prying at her. Run out on Joe Kallas, would she?

In pants and shirt, he bent to knot his shoestrings. About fifteen miles over to the highway. There he could get a lift. Too bad there was no phone in this damned place; he'd like to call a taxi. Still, there was plenty of time and plenty of—

Joe's breath hissed between clenched teeth as he felt in his jacket. The cigarettes were there; the lighter was gone. Raggedly, he remembered something about hysteria and kleptomania going together in an emotional fusing. He dropped the cigarette, ripped the pockets in desperation, went to hands and knees to search the floor.

Nothing.

He jumped when the wristwatch alarm sounded. The rotten-fruit taste was heavy in his mouth. Joe plunged through the doorway and ran blindly, heavily. He told himself fifteen miles wasn't far.

Not in a car. But it's a long, long way to run. The road stretched into forever for a brittle diabetic who needs his insulin every four hours. And Joe's hypodermic kit had been stolen—because it was bright and shiny.

Joe laughed as he began to reel, laughed until the rotten taste rose and choked him.

The fatal coma came swiftly after that.



In San Francisco's "Sodom-by-the-Sea" you could find every erotic delight imaginable

"Come into my parlor," said the Madam

by BOB & JAN YOUNG



DURING THE SIXTY-ODD years in which the Barbary Coast prospered, almost anything was possible. Among the hundreds of prostitutes from every country of the globe, a man could seek and find every erotic delight known to humanity.

San Francisco's sodom-by-the-sea was about a dozen blocks square and housed hundreds of strumpets, pimps ("macs"), gamblers, and dance-hall operators, all of whom operated cribs, cow-yards, or parlor houses. Spawned there were such characters as Madame Moustache, of gambling fame; Ah Toy and Selina who made a considerable stir in the Chinese underworld; and, Bella Cora who ran an exclusive bagnio in Waverly Place and whose husband was hanged by the Vigilantes, somewhat by mistake.

Unique, however, was a call house operated by a giant Negress called Aunt Josie. Her house offered 10 handsome young men who catered to the whims of women seeking a male. Though the price was \$10 many of these male whores eschewed their share being willing to work for nothing. The venture didn't last long as the macs objected that their women were spending their money foolishly, which was perhaps a sound objection.

Not far from Aunt Josie was Miss Tessie Wall's house of prostitution. Tessie was particularly noted for her ability to consume awesome quan-

—turn to page 53

LADIES

DIRECTORY

ATTRACTIVE BLONDE MODEL
Genuinely Beautiful — 40-23-37
Call between 12 noon & 10 p.m.
Top Floor, 55, OLD COMPTON STREET, W.1.
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Age 24 — 41-25-37
Theatrical Wardrobe Available
Shoes — Rubber Hosiery, etc.
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Flat 10, 10 PHOENIX HOUSE, PHOENIX STREET,
CHARING CROSS ROAD.

PRETTY YOUNG MODEL
Blonde — Age 22 — 36-21-36
HAS COMPLETE WARDROBE
CORRECTION REPAIRS
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- NEW MODEL -
BLONDE — 36-21-36
PERSONAL SERVICE
WELBECK

TO
Model
PAR

YOLA

The London Report

by **ARTHUR GENTRY**



This is a series of intimate, on the spot interviews with London prostitutes. It lists their names and complete addresses.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

In ADAM VOL. IV #8 we brought you a special coverage of English prostitution by David Hadley, one of our roving correspondents. Since that time, however, many things have changed in London Town, so to keep readers informed we sent Arthur Gentry, noted newspaper columnist and roving correspondent, to London to investigate the situation as it exists today. What you are about to read is the most current magazine report possible on the state of "underground" ladies in Britain's capital city.

EROS, GOD OF pagan love, still reigns supreme over London's famed Piccadilly Circus, the center of entertainment and shopping in the city's sophisticated West End. Gilbert's giant aluminum statue dominates the large circular area where Regent and Piccadilly Streets meet Shaftesbury Avenue, where tourists and art enthusiasts gather and where lovers stroll arm-in-arm beneath Cupid's benign gaze.

The statue now is the number one attraction in this hub of hustle and hawker. A little over a year ago its smile was a lecherous leer, but this hardly was noticed. It was overlooked because it was overshadowed — by something Eros himself would give his hearty approval to, the notorious horde of Piccadilly Commandos, collectively a London landmark, a top drawing card for visitors, particularly for the lusty but lonely male with money in his pocket and glorious plans for the evening on his mind. Boiled down, this meant only one thing, Sex — simple, erotic or what have you, with the only question asked being, "How much?"

The Piccadilly Commando came in all sizes, shapes and forms to meet all comers and all tastes during her heyday which came the summer before last.

"Hi, Ducky," was her friendly greeting to one and all. "Wouldn't you like me? I'll give you a good time," was her invitation to the wonderments of the evening.

Piccadilly Commandos appeared in swarms, each on her own particu-
— turn the page

REPORT, from page 31

lar "beat." All you had to do was choose. It was that simple. The only difficulty was that the visitor usually found himself overwhelmed by the plentitude of available pulchritude and sometimes had trouble making his selection.

Now this is all changed. The London landmark is gone. The Piccadilly Commando and her 5,000 other street sisters exists only as a fond memory in the minds of the sporty set of worldly men. And they are a longed for legend to those who've just come to appreciate such passionate pastimes.

As of August 15, 1953, Parliament banished from the street London's ladies of the evening, as well as the gay gals who made life beautiful in the provinces. The law, known as the Street Offences Act, has in the main driven the multitude of women of joy out of sight—though by no means out of mind.

A visit to London just one year after passage of this act can be a heartbreaking experience. For the simple truth, despite all predictions to the contrary, is that the streetwalkers are no more. Or at least they are not as they once were.

What has become of London's ladies of the evening? Only a minority, not more than a couple of thousand at the most, have left their profession for such other fields as marriage, legitimate business or industrial occupations or have become a part of the notorious dives and clip-joints. But those who still pursue their picturesque profession have gone underground—literally, figuratively and in every other way.

To be more specific, many of the ladies have gone below, peddling their provocative products in the maze of London's subway system, known in London as the Under-

ground.

"Believe me, dearie, this is a terrible thing they've done," said Jennifer, a willowy brunette who sidled up to me as I sat alone at far end of a smoking car while riding the Central Line of the Underground late one night.

Jennifer had spotted my gadget bag of photo equipment and took me for a lonely tourist, rather than an errant writer on the way to interview and photograph some strippers for ADAM. On learning my business, Jennifer temporarily forgot her own. The only other people in the car were a middle-aged couple at the center who were engrossed in their newspapers.

I had told Jennifer she was a beautiful girl, which she was, and that it seemed a shame that she must hide her talents underground.

"It's that too, dearie," she replied, "but the real shame of it all is the poor darling men who can't find a girl when they need one. That's a terrible thing, dearie."

"I shouldn't think that would be too difficult," I said. "After all, I found you, or rather, you found me—and I wasn't even looking."

"More the shame," she said with a knowing smile. "You wouldn't be a bit sorry, you know."

She slid her hand along my thigh and the warmth of her womanness almost made me regret my appointment with the strippers.

"How is it you're working the subways?" I asked, and indicated the almost empty car, "especially now?"

"It's safer," she said. "The Bobbies are everywhere on the street and they know us, or rather, they can spot a woman in our business. Here we don't have to worry about that most of the time." She gave an almost Gallic shrug to her shoulders. "We simply get on the train, go

several stations down the line and then mingle with the men on the platform. If we don't meet a client, we go back on another train. We can do this for hours, and it costs only the ticket we buy when we first enter the Underground."

"But business doesn't look very good," I said, again indicating the almost empty car.

"It will improve in just a bit," Jennifer replied with a knowing smile. "The pubs close at 11, you know, and at midnight all of the strip clubs close down. And then the rush really is on. The men are eager. This is about the only advantage over the old days. Before the Street Act, the men could pick and choose, now we are in a position to choose."

"That has advantages," I agreed. "How else do you girls make your contacts?"

She opened her gray leather purse, bulky enough to contain a wardrobe change, and extracted a small deck of business cards. She handed me one. It contained her name, Jennifer Bascomb, her address and telephone number, and the information that she was a model, for photographic or other purposes, and that she offered "corrective treatment." This last, I learned, was another expression for that good old indoor sport that women use to turn boys into men.

"I pass these about to people I would like to entertain," she said. "I also post them on bulletin boards about shops and clubs in the Soho district. Some of the girls post them on boards in Paddington, near the train depot, but I certainly am not that desperate."

Jennifer indicated she considered herself on a higher level than the girls who worked the areas about the Paddington, Victoria and other stations, as well as the Stepney and Notting Hill sections. She said she also passed out her cards to various employees of the better hotels, and then would give a tip of 10 shillings (\$1.40) for each contact made in this way. Her standard price was two guineas, a guinea being a pound and a shilling, thus her fee for a short session amounted to \$6.

"There is also the Ladies Directory," she said.

I wanted to hear more about this but I didn't have time. The train was slowing for my Tottenham Court Road station, and I got to my feet, shifted the shoulder strap for my camera bag to a more comfortable position and thanked her for what she had told me.

Jennifer threw me a smile and



"Drinks like a fish."

winked. "Ta-taa, now," she called, waving genteely. "Don't forget to ring me up when you get lonesome — for — er — good conversation..."

I assured her I would and made a dash for the closing doors, getting out just as they locked behind me.

I smiled to myself as the escalator slowly took me up the two levels to the street. I'd heard of the Ladies Directory, of course, but hadn't as yet gotten around to getting one. What I knew was that it listed the names of young ladies of the evening — of the morning or afternoon, for that matter — who were waiting and willing.

Every man about town would consider himself lost without the latest edition of this catalogue of call girls.

The Ladies Directory is a small magazine that measures seven-by-five inches and consists of between 20 and 24 pages, with a new issue being published every few weeks. The Directory, one of several publications of this sort, contains alluring photos of women who make no bones about putting their bodies and skills up for sale, as well as various types of printed advertisements running from a full page (at a rate of 25 shillings a week) to a third of a page (10 shillings a week) listing what they have to offer. Sometimes the photos are of models, who will pose for a price, but most are of the gals who've got it to give, for a price. All call themselves models, however.

Typical of the advertisements in one issue is: "Young Attractive Model — Roma — Brunette — 40-26-36 — Offers her personal service — 6, Earnshaw Street, W.1. — Phone: Convent 1058 — 2 p.m. to 12 p.m. — No Sundays."

On page two is the half-spread of the delightful dish who appears full-length reclining on a leopard skin on the cover. It says: "Our Cover Girl — really attractive and bizarre red-head model — Age 19 — PINA — 38-23-37 — Full Correction — Complete Wardrobe — Noon until 10 p.m. (No Sundays) — Phone Park 0465."

A few others selected a random are:

"Delightful Blonde Model — Age 19 — SUSIE — 37-24-36 — Satisfactory Service Guaranteed — Ring Victoria 7474."

"Adaptable Young Red Head Model — JEAN — 38-24-38 — Welcomes Old & New Friends — Phone: Bayswater 1160 — Available all day (Except Sunday)."

"Experienced Blonde Model — Age 24 — HAZELL — 40-26-38 — Complete wardrobe — Rubberwear — Bizarre Treatment — 20 Shepherd

Street — Above Curzon Club — Phone Grosvenor 8735."

"Attractive Brunette Model — COLETTE — Age 24 — 34-22-36 — All Lines Available — Satisfaction Assured — Phone Anytime — Shepherds Bush 5913."

For something a little more out of the ordinary there is: "Mistress in Satin — Leather & Velvet a Specialty — Theatrical Costumes, Corsets & Wigs, etc. — Phone LYNN REED — Sloane 2036."

The Ladies Directory is easy to come by, particularly in the Soho district, where bookstores, dry cleaners, barber shops and other business establishments are well stocked with the latest issues, which are kept discreetly under the counter.

The magazine is put out by the Shaw Publishing Company, 11 Greek Street, and is owned by handsome 33-year-old Fred Shaw, one of the first to get into this lucrative field. Shaw does pretty well financially and so do the girls who advertise in his widely distributed booklets. And some find it pays to be specific. Brenda, for instance, has more business than she can handle as a result of her small advertisement in which she describes herself as a "Tall, Young, Blonde Model," who has "Something Different" to offer. Her services at 22 Penywren Road, include "Corrective Training — Rubber Clothing If Required."

"I'm making a pile," said the aristocratic Brenda as she poured tea in her tastefully furnished flat. Her clear, blue eyes sparkled as she indicated the outer room, cut off by a small foyer from her bedroom, sitting room and breakfast nook, with an arch lift to her brow. Listening closely, I could hear the faint murmurings of several male voices, engaged in conversation with Brenda's maid as they waited their turn.

"It's almost shameful the amount of money I make each day," Brenda continued. "But I do work long hours." She opened her pale gold dressing gown, revealing a pair of breasts whose firm smoothness of texture gleamed like polished ivory globes. "Long hours or not, I do take care of myself," she added.

Brenda explained she usually works 10 to 12 hours a day and has been doing so for the last year and a half. "I've got to earn the money while I can because I expect to retire in a short while." Brenda is 22 and intends to quit her profession before her next birthday. By then her fiance, a petroleum engineer, — turn to page 52

Start the year right with a solid armful of pleasure, thrills, action and fun-tastic mis-adventures.

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On Sale Soon...only \$1
AT YOUR NEWSDEALER

ADAM'S EVE







ADAM's Eve

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7 DAY FREE TRIAL!

FOR MEN OR WOMEN

It's now a proven scientific fact that exercising a muscle only a few seconds a day does as much good as exercising it for a half hour. Thus, if you flex your arms just once so that your biceps bulge as far as possible and you hold it as long as possible, you are developing those muscles as much as if you did the same exercise over and over again. This is called MYO-STATIC, which literally means "muscle stretch," and it is actually the secret of how wild animals stay in top physical condition.

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Forget about strenuous workouts in the gym. Stop back-breaking monotonous exercises with weights. Just try this NEW system of instant exercises for 7 days, 4 minutes daily. We unconditionally guarantee that you'll feel better, look better and live better or else return the album to us for full refund.

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Yes, I would like to try the Myo-Static Instant Exercising Course. I understand that I will receive a 33 1/3 RPM Recording, an illustrated book, plus a free gift which will further improve my health and physique all for the enclosed \$5.00 **100% Money Back Guarantee.**

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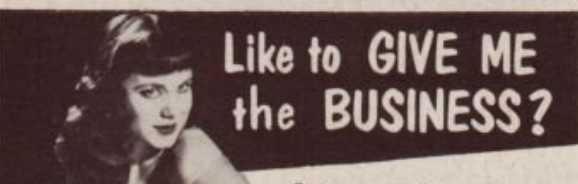


IF YOU LIKE 'EM YOUNG

you'll like my photos.

"Talk to me", about your special problems & tastes and I'll write you. Send \$2 for samples & personal letter!

"BILLIE" CROSSON
P.O. Box 322, Tarzana, Calif.



Like to GIVE ME the BUSINESS?

Bet you would... 'cause my gal friends and I know just what you need, and aim to please! We're

all art models who will enjoy posing for your special pics and movies. If you're tired of dealing with

"phonies", then why not get to know a group of gals who get a bang out of exchanging ideas (and letters)?

Kristine, Dept. K3
Box 585, Los Angeles 42, Calif.

Let us send you our confidential bulletin that shows all of us, and explains about our really intimate photos and films. (Please enclose 25c to help pay for this ad?) Thanks, write us now!

STUDIO, from page 26

be both a personal and diplomatic dilemma. For both girls are eager to work.

For one customer, however, it really made no difference, Virginia recalls. He was a fiend for muscles. He came to the studio loaded down not only with camera equipment but with a set of bar bells. While Virginia heaved and strained, this unusual photo enthusiast concentrated for an hour and half on the exciting tensions and bulges of calfs, thighs, arms, neck, and anywhere else he suspected a muscle was hiding.

Another interesting aberration was that of a mysterious gentleman who gave his name, in a heavily accented voice, as "Brown!" He asked Jean to stand nude in the bathroom, which is perfectly legit under the rules of the house.

However, that is all Brown ever wanted her to do — just stand there. He had a camera around his neck, which he wound from time to time but never clicked.

"Sir..." Jean finally pleaded in nervous confusion, "...would you explain to me why you just want me to stand here?"

Philosophically tilting back his noble brow, the mysterious Brown intoned: "I have the mind of a sculptor, and am committing you to memory!"

"I was never so glad to hear the clock bell go bang," says Jean.

What makes two intelligent (Virginia is college trained), beautiful young girls go off on their own into a business as peculiar as this?

"Money — strictly money," explains Virginia. "We've got all kinds of plans to set up lecture and study classes, and hire the very top models with national reputations whom our customers would never get a chance to work with, unless they did it here. We've made three times as much money since going into business for ourselves, despite the overhead, and if our plans work out, we'll really have quite a successful business going."

Both girls completely discount the notion that there is any sensual or sexual excitement in their work. They never, but never, allow any hanky-panky to interfere with the posing and picture-taking, although, as Virginia says, "We've come to expect propositions. After all, when a girl is standing without any clothing on... there's a perfectly normal, healthy reaction from a man... I'd be kind of disappointed if a guy didn't proposition me. I'd begin to wonder what was wrong with me."

Virginia's first modeling was as a clothes horse in a Detroit department store six years ago. Then she did pin-up photography in bikinis, nighties and other frills, but when somebody suggested figure modeling, her reply was, "You're crazy!"

She finally took the bold step quite by accident. She was modeling for a group, doing artistic shots around a pillar, wearing long net stockings, black tights and a strapless bra. One of the photographers asked her to take off the bra for back shots and she did. However, she became so absorbed in her work that she forgot it was off when the others kept calling out, "Turn this way! Turn this way!" Only when the shooting session was over, did one of her employers point out, "You do realize, don't you, that you've just been doing semi-nudes."

It was easier after that.

They still love her so much in Detroit, that at the annual photographers' Christmas dinner there a few years ago, they placed her picture on a reserved chair when she couldn't be there in person.

Jean Cartwright's first experiences with modeling were at the Harry Conover school in New York. She, too, worked as a department store fashion model, was a convention hostess, and a beauty consultant on a television panel in Cleveland.

Going into figure photography was a decision she had to make on the spur of the moment. Needing work, she had visited a Hollywood model agency to apply. A client was there at the time, took one look at her, and said, "I want you!" When she found out he wanted to snap nudes, her first reaction was reluctance, but finally, she said, "Okay."

As with her partner, it was a lot easier for Jean after that to do figure work. "I'm proud of my figure," she says, "and I think a girl has to have artistic talent, grace, poise, like a dancer to be really successful at it. Not every good-looking girl can be a model."

Watching them work, you realize that both girls are considerable help to their amateur customers. They'll place lights, suggest backgrounds and costumes, and no matter what they're wearing or not wearing, they're always completely absorbed in their work, falling into the kind of poses which a non-pro either wouldn't think of or would be hesitant to ask for.

They still pose for the professionals, working for them mornings before they come to their own studio, or on their day off. But they are confident that their greatest suc-

cess will be with the thousands of amateurs they can draw, through advertising and recommendations, to "Virginia and Jean's Camera Supplies."

"Most of them are wonderful guys," says Jean, "grateful for our help and technical coaching. And a lot of them have turned into steady customers who bring their pictures back for comment and criticism, and then we go on from there."

However, they still have to put up with the type of annoying caller who, without preamble, mysteriously whispers into the telephone, "It's coming! It's coming! Ahhhhhh!", and then hangs up.

But for the amateur legitimately interested in working with Virginia or Jean, there's always a warm welcome waiting. The first thing they do is show him to a comfortable seat in their office and leave him alone to browse through their album of sample shots.

When the photographer makes his selection of a model, the girl gets ready, the clock is set, and they get right to work. Almost without request, the girls sense when it is time for a move to another set, or for a change of props and costumes. If the customer looks warm, they'll suggest a cold soda — on the house. If the bell goes off in the middle of a roll, they don't drop everything and call it quits. They smile sweetly and say, "Go ahead, Sir, finish your roll."

That's what brings the photographers back, often with groups of fellow enthusiasts.

Since most models have show business aspirations, we asked about it. Virginia has none and never has wanted to go into acting. Actually, she started out in college working toward a teaching degree. Jean, however, would still like to be in movies or television. It's what she tried to do when she first came to Hollywood three years ago.

"The drawback there," she recalls bitterly, "is that I kept saying, 'No!', to the casting couch route."

She still gets propositions, of course, as a figure model. But she can put up with these, even understand them, and turn them down with a polite, "No, thank you, Sir!", and not interfere with her livelihood.

As Virginia says, rising to greet her fifth customer — and possibly third shower — who's just come eagerly through the open front door, aside from the frequent guff, which they can handle all right, "the worst thing on this job is working with an unimaginative photographer."

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Trapped by the Mafia's maniacal sadist, Garry had only one chance to save himself and the woman he loved

Game of

GARRID WHITLEY snapped awake. He sat bolt upright as the metallic scrape sounded a second time. In the darkness of the trailer his mind fumbled to identify the sound. It picked at his mind with jagged fingers and knotted his guts in a cold spasm as it came again and ended in a sullen click.

Whitley dove from the bed toward the far side of the trailer. His arm stretched for the drawer of the wall-closet where his loaded automatic had lain for the last two years, always well-oiled and ready for the day when it might be needed.

The robe lying beside the bed snarled his feet. He cursed as the floor smashed against his elbows with stunning agony, leaving him sprawled and paralyzed by the pain for a split second.

In that moment the door opened and closed and a flashlight pinned him in a blinding beam.

"You just lay right there, Garry-boy," a cold voice from behind the flashlight ordered, "or else I'll have to shoot some holes in your legs."

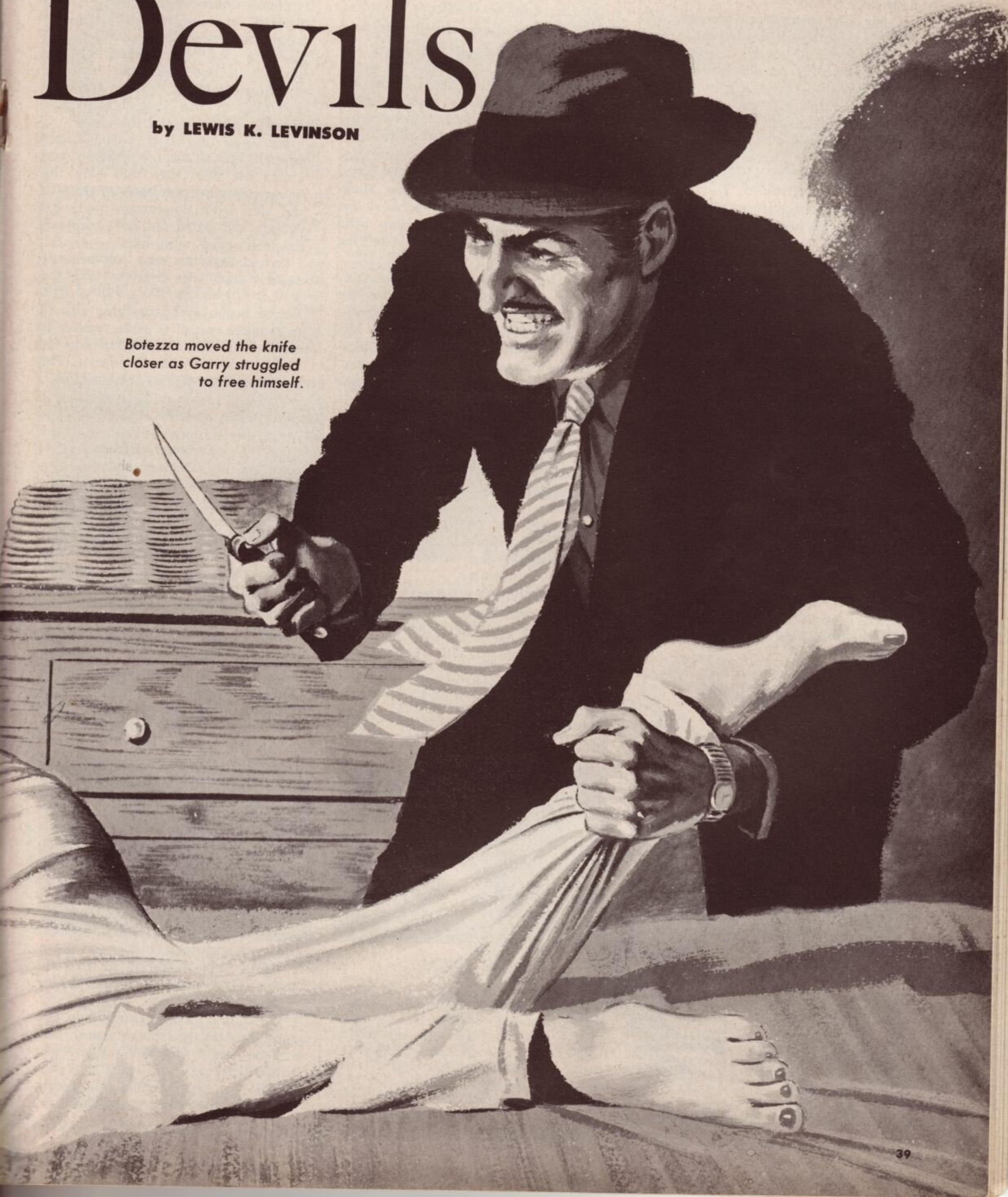
Whitley felt the cold fear settle into a tight ball that
—turn the page



Devils

by LEWIS K. LEVINSON

Botezza moved the knife
closer as Garry struggled
to free himself.



DEVILS, from page 38

hammered beneath his ribs and exploded into movement. He rolled out of the light and lunged toward the drawer again.

For a moment hope bloomed. His fingers closed on the handles of the drawer and clawed it open. The hope died as a shoe kicked his kidneys into screaming torture and arched him back in a spasm of suffering. Through the haze of pain his fingers still clung to the edge of the drawer. Then, as the light pinned him again it was kicked shut against his knuckles. He screamed as a thin hated face swam before him and his head was dragged back by the hair.

"That wasn't very smart, Garry-boy," the thin face smiled brutally as a gun-barrel slashed back and forth, shredding his face and breaking teeth in a wanton hell of savage fury.

A MILLION years later, the hammering stopped and he dropped to the floor. He heard the strange slobbering wheeze of his breath through bloody lips, and from a million miles away he knew Cherynne was screaming his name. Then her voice changed to a yammering staccato of pain.

It had had to come, sooner or later. He had always known it deep down inside, but he had denied the fact. He had deluded himself with the false courage of a gun always near him. With a gun in his hand there were perhaps a dozen men in

the world who were his equal. Only the delusion had been for Cherynne's peace because he had always known that it would happen like this, with no chance to defend, no fairness and no breaks.

The Mafia always did it that way.

They had done it five years ago when he had been a top-notch entertainer in the best clubs. He was Garrid the Great, amazing people with his marksmanship with the silver-plated pistols and rifles.

Without giving him a chance they had quietly put out the word through the spiderweb. The Mafia wanted Garrid Whitley to work for them as hired-gun. Anyone who gave him a job would be defying the Syndicate.

Out of work and going broke the next step had been to offer him the job, and when he had refused, the machine rolled on, crushing him into the mechanism by the time-honored expedient of the "frame." A member of the organization had been shot to death and left with a note accusing Garrid Whitley.

Without money or lawyers, down and out, shunned by fellow entertainers, he had finally given up. He went to the thin-faced man named Botezza. In accordance with ritual, he signed the confession witnessed by semi-respectable witnesses and was assigned to a "house" controlled by the Syndicate.

It was a filthy place on the waterfront, a crumbling tenement infested with rats with four legs and rats

with two. The place had ceased attracting the big money years back, but it was still maintained because it paid its way. It was ideally located to serve as a disciplinary house where a woman who cheated on the take or was a troublemaker could be hustled and given a few days handling the hopped-up hoodlums and perverts of the waterfront dives and the derelicts on the long bitter road down to oblivion and the river.

His own job had been simple enough. To sit in the kitchen and guard the steel safe that held the house collections for each week until the man from downtown made his rounds and doled out pay, carrying the rest away with him.

It had been an easy job because nobody had ever tried to take the safe, but it had been a job filled with horror because of something else. It had taken only a little while to learn why Enrico Botezza was so highly valued by the Syndicate. The man was born for the job he held.

Botezza spoke seldom. He sat in the kitchen and brooded for endless hours, seemingly lifeless and not caring that anyone else was alive until the Madam reported some infraction to him.

It had only taken one night to learn what stimulation was needed to dredge that twisted mind from its sewer. That night had seemed to go on for eternity after they dragged the ugly-painted woman, struggling and cursing down into the cellar and closed the door.

The curses had changed to yells and the yells had become screams and then only sounds that were no longer human but only the whimpering squeals of an animal being hurt until its will was shattered.

At two in the morning Botezza had come up from the cellar, his eyes alight with satisfaction and a strange twisted smile on his thin face.

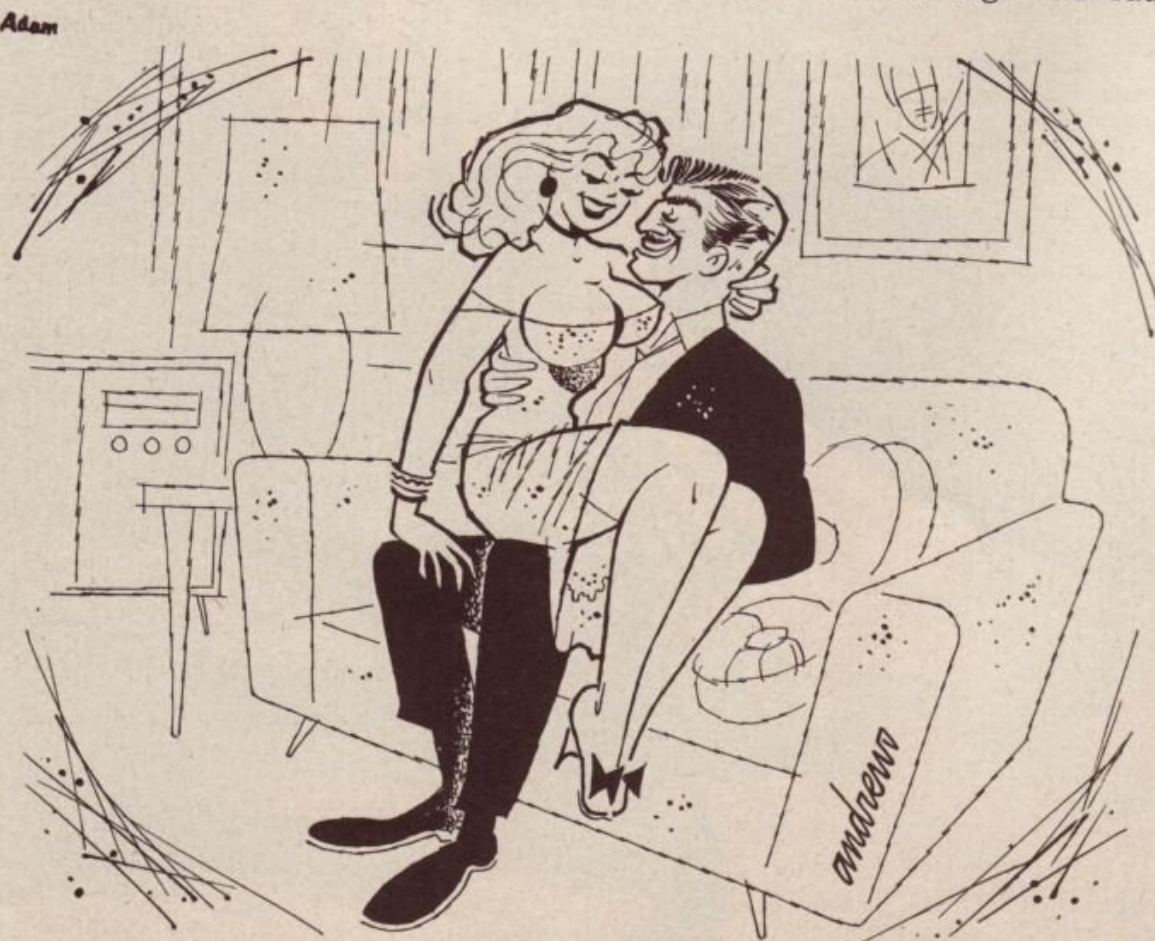
After five minutes of listening to the sickening details Garrid had reached across the table and half dragged Botezza over it by the lapels.

"I don't want to hear about your filthy kicks, Botezza — I want you to shut up and keep shut."

Hate was flickered in the wild eyes for a moment. Then Botezza had giggled.

"You don't know, Garry-boy. Pain and hurting are the greatest kicks in the world. You don't know what a thrill is until you learn that. Wait until the new recruits get shipped in for the Syndicate. These old

—turn to page 42



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DEVILS, from page 40

tramps like the one I worked over—"he spat contemptuously on the floor, "they even make me sick sometimes. But you get a young one, a real sensitive young one with pride about her body and —"

In disgust and anger Garrid had literally mopped the floor with the scrawny sadist. Fists hammering on the cowering little man. Garrid had vented his disgust and hatred of the past months in a violent assault.

When Botezza had been reduced to crawling on the floor—eyes blackened and blood pouring from his bruised mouth and nose—Garrid had dragged him to his feet.

"You still like pain, little man? You still want more for yourself?"

Botezza had wiped his mouth. He stood for a moment with death in his eyes, then he had nodded.

"This was your turn for kicks, Garry-boy," he had said. "You're good with a gun and you're on top—for now, but when the Collector comes tomorrow then its going to be my turn for kicks—lots of kicks, Garry-boy."

It had been the painted woman staggering up the cellar stairs that had made up his mind. Neither of them had heard her until she half fell, supporting herself on the back of a chair.

"Mister—you better—believe what he says—" she pointed to the wall urgently. "Get the money out of the safe and blow."

There hadn't been any choice really. According to the Mafia code Botezza would have him. There was no choice but to run, and running took money.

For a little while the thin-faced man had refused to give up the combination of the safe and then the ugly woman had made a suggestion.

"Take the little s.o.b. down to the cellar," she snarled, "and let me use some of his own tools on him."

Botezza had preferred opening the safe. That night Garrid Whitley had started running.

The three years since then had only been good because of Cherynne. He had run across her in California when he had been trying to learn a new act and assume a new identity. She had been a lecturer with a travelling tent show that specialized in wild-life, a roving museum for country schools and backwoods farmers.

Almost sheepishly he had asked for a job with strange animals, birds and reptiles.

Cherynne was young and full of the enthusiasm and eagerness for

life and people that he had lost. A few months later when he told her about himself, why he had to keep on the move—she had come with him.

FULL CONSCIOUSNESS returned with the stinging slaps of a soaked towel across his face. The lights were on inside the trailer now and the curtains drawn. Garrid tried to raise a hand to his shattered face and grunted. He was tied to a chair.

Botezza sat at the small kitchen table calmly drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette. His brooding eyes watched Garrid recover consciousness. He glanced toward the bed.

Cherynne was there, tied and gagged but apparently unhurt. Her eyes widened and filled with a strange blend of pity, relief and pleading.

"Botezza, for the love of God," he croaked through his pulped mouth, "let me talk to the Syndicate. I'll work for them, pay back every cent I took, I'll do anything—anything—only don't hurt me any more."

Botezza rose from the table and walked toward the bed. He laughed softly as Cherynne cringed away from him. Casually he reached out and dragged her to the edge of the bed by her hair.

"A nice girl, Garry-boy," he sat on the edge of the bed and smiled across the trailer. "Is she yours?"

With despair deepening in him Garrid tried again, fainting, hoping that somehow he could divert the man—if you could divert a crazy-man.

"Take her," he babbled wildly. "Take her, Botezza, just don't do any more to me."

The thin man smiled shrewdly. "You'd like me to do that, Garry-boy?"

He nodded wildly. "Just not me. Not me."

With a terrible suffering he looked across the trailer at Cherynne. How could she know? How could she ever know, now or later, that he was trying the one dark chance to distract Botezza from her by his own apparent fear of pain.

His mind danced dizzily from the pain of his broken fingers and shattered teeth. How could he ever know himself, if it was really a trick—or if the fear of the madman was doing this.

Savagely he wrenched at the ropes that bound him and grinned in a spasm of agony at the broken bones of his hands.

Botezza nodded in satisfaction. "For a minute you had me fooled, Garry-boy." He stood up and looked down at the helpless girl on the bed. "I think you're going to suffer more than she is, just watching me work. Only there's a way out for you."

He reached down and dragged Cherynne's bare feet closer watching Garrid's eyes distend with horror, then removed a small glittering knife from his pocket and slit the ropes holding her ankles.

"You can go to him," he shoved her roughly from the bed and giggled as she struggled to get to her feet with arms tied behind her.

A moment later her head was buried in his shoulder and Garrid smelled the clean woman-scent of her mingled with his own blood, felt his arms ache to cradle her from the fiendish thing that watched them and laughed.

"There's a way out for you, Garry-boy," he repeated. "I've got a very funny story to tell you. You should have kept your ears open when you ran out three years ago. You know what happened? I forgot something real important that night. I forgot that those tramps hated my guts, isn't that the wildest?" He giggled again and shook his head. "Every damned one of them said that I was lying—that I'd killed you and dumped your body in the river so it would look like you ran off with the money. They said that I stole the week's collections. So these past three years you've been running, they haven't even been looking for you—they've been looking for me. Doesn't that just kill you?"

He sobered suddenly and looked around the trailer.

"Only I'm tired of running, Garry-boy, and that was why I had to find you. I want what's left of that fifty-grand you took. You see, I haven't even been able to get any kicks in all this time—and that's like death for me. Now I want that money so I can set up a little racket of my own, and you're going to hand it over, or else I'm going to have many kicks with your little wife here—kicks I've been dreaming up for these three miserable dead years of running and hiding."

In the ugly silence that followed Garrid felt his wife's body shudder against him in a wave of terror and heard the small whimper that would have been a scream except for the gag.

"How cheap is it to keep on the move, Botezza?" he struggled to keep his voice calm and force the truth into the madman's mind.

—turn to page 48

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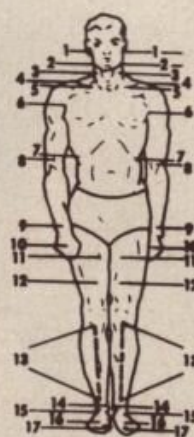


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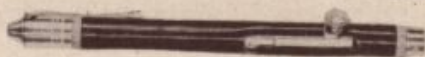
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Tokyo's Blonde Exotic

by DAVE JAMPEL



THE MOST POPULAR peeler in Tokyo these days is a blonde!

She's Rita Ellen, a tall, 21-year-old, leggy Australian who is putting her audiences right down on their Nippon knees.

Starring at the Nichigeki Music Hall, Tokyo's top showcase for the glorification of the undraped femme form, Rita became the first foreigner to be honored with a picture on the program cover. Her lure has had paying onlookers bending the theatre's walls with such regularity that the management has offered her a year's contract.

But Rita will probably decline. There's a whole world she's eagerly waiting to see—and the feeling is

mutual.

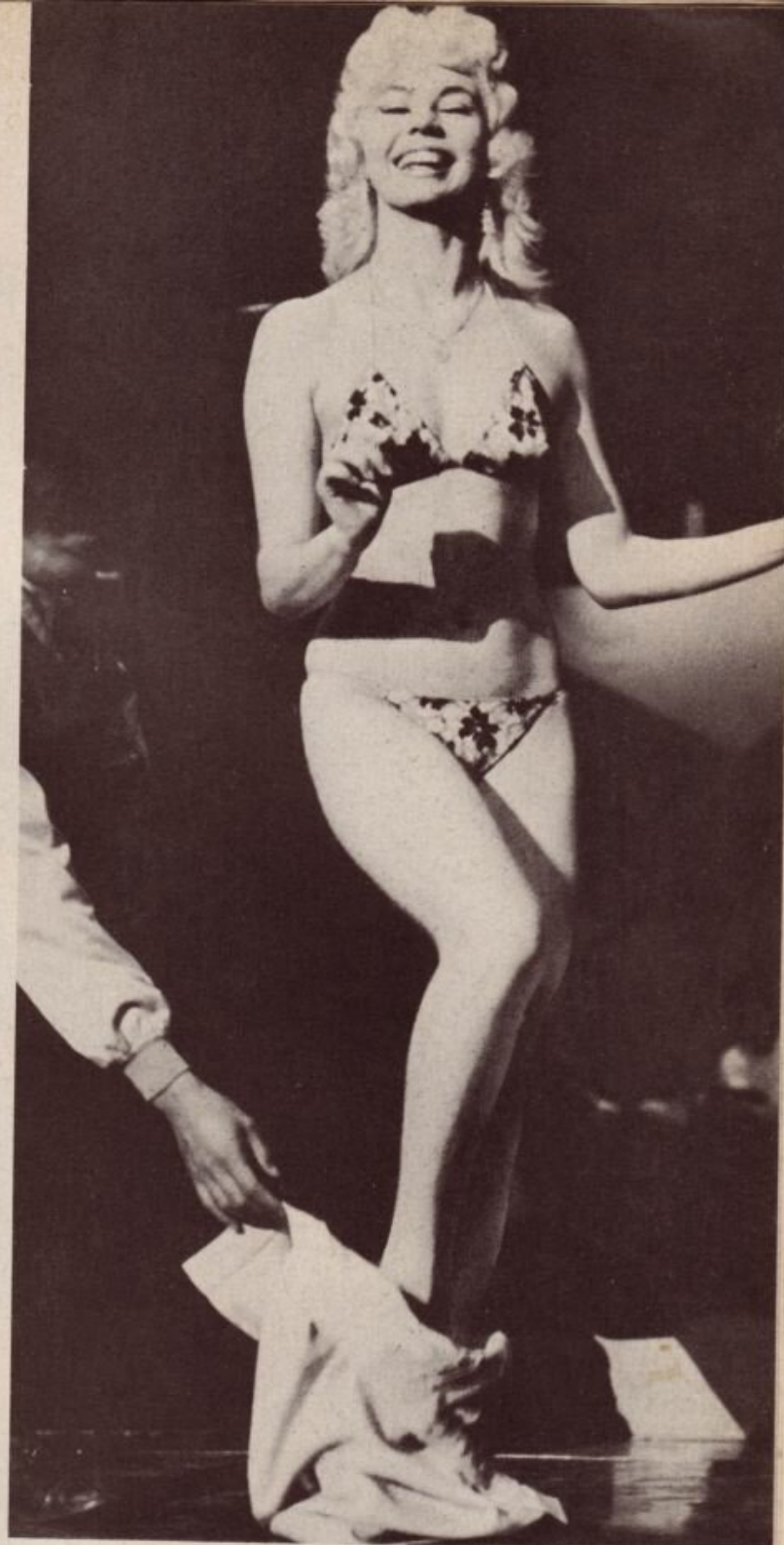
After closing her current theatre and nitery tour of Japan, Miss Ellen will dance her way through Southeast Asia to the Middle East via India, landing in Europe. She's now mulling an offer from the Folies Bergere in Paris, the shrine of her profession.

After Europe Rita expects to go to America, where she will undoubtedly prove the Aussie import with the biggest punch since Bob Fitzsimmons landed on U.S. shores.

Standing at 5'5" and pushing the tape at a declared 36-24-35, it is Rita's shapely legs that command most attention. They are insured, incidentally, for \$500,000 with Lloyd's of London.



Probably the most unique performer since the beginning of the striptease, Rita welcomes audience participation.



Down Under Girl, Rita Ellen, Has The Entire Orient Eating Out Of The Palm Of Her Hand

Although she is a well-schooled and nifty dancer who can make it on her Terpsichorean talents, Miss Ellen found it to her advantage to join the ranks of strippers for her engagements in Japan. The difference in pay convinced her. When the Japanese want to see a woman, they want to see all the law allows.

Regarding this departure from her regular act and the baring of her bosom, Rita feels that while it might have aroused hypocritical objection in other countries, the Japanese morality code permits her to perform without blushing.

To break through the bamboo barrier in Japan, where theatrical folkways usually restrict rapport between the artist and audience

members, Rita is leaning on her considerable personality.

"It was very difficult at first," she revealed during a backstage interview. "To get them in contact with me, I decided to work on their shyness. I won them and even got them in the habit of applauding by being very natural. I don't use false expressions.

"On stage I have a very shy appearance about me," the baby-faced blonde continued. "Really deep down, I am shy. I didn't think it showed on stage until somebody told me about my actions.

"One time," Rita revealed, "I was told that when my panty leg creeps up, I have a habit of pulling it down. When I realized I was doing it and

found the audience liked it, I left it in my shows."

On another occasion, Rita was surprised to hear waves of laughter coming from the audience when she was engaged in a serious episode of bumping and grinding. It was later explained that she paused during her gyrations to adjust her slipping G-string. Show-wise Miss Ellen decided to retain this bit of business too.

It is these displays of modesty, plus her fresh, youthful appearance, that contribute weightily to Rita's success. All show business is involved with the creation of illusions. In Miss Ellen's area of endeavor, a vulgar action can shatter the illusion

—turn the page



When Rita hits the stage at the Nichigeki the whole town wants to get in the act



and leave a feeling of disgust. But Rita permits the perpetuation of her driven-snow look of purity.

Having played mostly in Asia (where she has been dubbed "The Most Beautiful White Woman in the Orient") thus far in her young career, it is believed in some circles that Miss Ellen's light tresses have spelled the difference in drawing power between her and the local lovelies.

Rita disputes this. She cited, "In Manila I made lots of money. One booker got big ideas and took six girls and dyed their hair blonde. They were a flop. This proved to me that you have to be more than just blonde."

Although she says that she'd be just as happy wearing a plastic raincoat, to give testimony to her standing in the ostentatious show business environment, Rita bought a mink coat four months ago. And she insists she made the purchase with her own money.

Basically a homebody type, Miss Ellen does not personally covet such symbols as mink and jewelry. She'd like nothing better than to quit performing after three more years and retire to her Sydney home. Her de-



During her act, in the grand finale or back stage, Rita shows why she's the Down Under queen of the Orient.

sires, in addition to the house, include such unambitious items as a car, a large backyard with a lush garden, several dogs and some gold-fish.

Her tastes in men run toward those who possess brains tempered with good humor, rather than Adonis types. She has found that muscular, handsome men have a tendency to be overly devoted to themselves.

Rita made her first stage appearance at 11, doing a Cinderella pantomime in an amateur production. A year later, she started taking lessons in tap dancing and later studied ballet for five years. She can also do Latin-American and acrobatic dancing and, oddly, can play drums.

Equally surprising to those who take their performers at visual value is Rita's literary interest. At 12 she won first prize in junior high school competition for a short story that dealt tenderly with a discarded pair of shoes. She still enjoys "making up little poems."

On stage, Rita's thoughts are immediate. "I don't think about anything but what I'm doing," she said. "It comes naturally after a while, but it still turns out to be a little

different each time."

That is because Miss Ellen's outgoing, candid personality allows her to include an audience participation number in each show. These, of course, have led to some amusing moments.

During a show in Osaka, one young man called to the stage was more intent on taking snapshots of Rita than on doing as he was asked—the not overly-demanding chore of planting kisses on Miss Ellen's cheeks. While she pleaded with him to kiss her, he continued to take pictures. Finally, he grudgingly pecked Rita between shutter clicks, a display of versatility that had the audience howling.

Another time, a man got up to participate in the show and his pants fell down. Apparently he had lost weight since he entered the theatre.

Discussing some of her professional counterparts who merely go through the motions, Rita offered, "You've got to like something to be really good at it. That's why I am good. I can do this better than I can do anything. I don't know what else I might have been."

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DEVILS, from page 43

"Every cent of that money is gone. Planes, trains, paying big bribes to stay places without being known. That money went fast—and you know it."

Botezza shook his head.

"I've been hiding out for three years too—without any fifty-grand roll for those things."

"Where? In rat-holes and flop-houses? I didn't hide in the gutter because I didn't know how. I had to pay my way."

Something red and terrible glowed behind Botezza's glare—something like fear at the sincere ring of the words.

"It won't do you any good to lie," his voice rose to a plaintive screech of rage. "I've got to get out of the country and you're going to give me that dough to do it with." His eyes narrowed and he came forward slowly, his thin legs moving spider-like across the carpet, clawlike fingers clenching and opening in a strange frenzy of anticipation.

Cherynne kicked uselessly as the fingers closed on her and dragged her toward the bed.

"Everything I've got you can have," Garrid felt his own voice rising to a pleading scream as the hooked fingers forced the girl down and began ripping at the thin cloth of her pajamas. "I'll sell the trailer—the animals—I can get a loan—Botezza, for God's sake!"

The thin man reeled back from the bed as a small heel kicked savagely and found his face, and then with a low snarl he caught the flailing ankle and began twisting until she lay helpless in a writhing heap on her face, with the leg brutally locked up behind her.

Botezza wiped a hand across his slobbering mouth and then reached for the waistband of the pajamas again, dragging them down and twisting her ankle still harder, forcing her to arch against the pain until he could jerk the garment free.

Standing up he glared across at Garrid.

"You remember what I once told you, Garry-boy," he slobbered. "The greatest suffering comes when you torture the pride. See—" he ran a hand down the smooth curve of her hip and thigh, forcing his clawing fingers between the cringing flesh of her legs, gouging savagely. "See how she hates having you watch me while I touch her and look at her? See, Garry-boy? First you destroy the pride and then you hurt the body. You know what I'm going to do, don't you? I'm going to make you watch me rape her, Garry-boy,

just for a starter. And then we'll have lots of kicks with matches and cigarettes and my little knife. Oh, lots of tricks, Garry-boy—kicks and kicks and kicks until I get that money out of you."

Staggering he turned back to Cherynne and grinned.

"And you're going to co-operate," he giggled. "Oh yes, you're going to co-operate." He lifted the smouldering cigarette from the ashtray and studied the glowing tip. "Just roll over when you're ready, little lady," he whispered savagely, and reached down.

Garrid Whitley closed his eyes and felt the wetness of sweat and tears on his face. She wouldn't ever submit to a maniac—and that was what Botezza was counting on, the slow terrible destruction of her pride that could only be broken by hurting and hurting until she was no longer human with human pride but only an animal willing to obey rather than be hurt any more... but maybe he could stop Botezza from having that greatest delight at least. Maybe he could salvage something—some part of the life he had made for himself.

"Cherynne, do what he says," the words choked from his throat as he tried to close his hearing against her whimpers.

Three years, he opened his eyes slowly and looked across at her face. He watched her eyes begging him to understand. He saw Botezza gloating and full of madness. Three years, his own eyes forgave her and begged her forgiveness in return. Three years of starting again from the bottom trying to build a new life and a new place, from the very bottom of the ladder, wearing a turban and a false beard and coaxing quarters from the farmers at every crossroads, trying to start a new life with a terrible thing haunting you that had never been there at all.

The world rocked inside his head for a moment and then steadied with streaks of fire running through his brain.

Botezza was fondling and hovering over her. White spittle drooled from his slack mouth. He was a crouching beast ready to kill for the sheer sport of killing.

"Botezza, you can have the money," he sobbed brokenly.

Botezza crouched lower, unhearing over his prey, sanity entirely gone.

"Botezza! You win. You can have the money."

Something flickered in the glittering eyes. The thin face turned to-

ward him.

"There's forty-thousand left. If you'll let her alone—if you'll not touch her you can have it. All the money to go to Mexico and all the kicks you want for the rest of your life—it's yours."

Crafty intelligence shifted slowly back into the thin face and Botezza licked his lips.

"Where?" he asked hoarsely.

"I—I'll have to get it," Garrid said uncertainly. "There's a combination to work—and an alarm—an alarm that goes off unless..."

Botezza stepped clear of the bed and chuckled wisely.

"An alarm to what? In a trailer parked on a country road? You know better than that, Garry-boy. Just tell me where it is?"

Whitley slumped hopelessly in the chair and closed his eyes.

"In a wicker basket in the back half of the trailer just beyond the door. Rolled up in a tight wad and glued to the bottom."

Botezza moved toward the connecting door.

"You better not be lying or you won't have any life at all." He jerked the door open and looked around then picked up a tall thin basket. With an eager grunt he thrust an arm deep into the basket and felt for the money.

An hour later Garrid managed to free his hands of the last few strands of rope that bound him.

Very slowly and painfully he used his mangled hands to remove the gag from her mouth and untie her.

Her arms closed about him with a deep and wonderful yearning and need and in a precious moment of love and closeness they wiped away the horror and madness of the night.

After a while Cherynne looked over his shoulder and trembled slightly.

"Even for him"—she shuddered, "it seemed to be too terrible."

Garrid Whitley nodded and moved her away gently.

Painfully he removed the brass flute from its place on the shelf beside the turban and false beard and sat down cross-legged on the floor. He raised the flute to his lips and played a strange undulating melody.

The four cobras swayed gracefully to the soothing sound and slowly slithered over the horribly bloated thing that was stiffening slowly beside their basket. With a rustle of scaled bodies they slid over the bluish remains of Enrico Botezza and returned to their wicker cage.



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NUMBER, from page 23

lived in town. It had been an uncomfortable evening for Mrs. Pierce.

For one thing, Agnes White had collapsed into wild hysteria, when they got the news—during dinner—that Joan Baxter had died. Of course, it was sheer nonsense to try to claim that Cora Pierce and Agnes were in any way to blame.

How could they possibly have known.

But Mrs. Pierce was somewhat shaken as she drove home, alone, about nine o'clock. She kept her eyes glued to the road as she swept past the dark Baxter house. And three miles farther along, as she turned off the county road into her driveway—it happened.

Mrs. Pierce explained to the cluster of callers who filled her bedroom next morning. "Why, I was just driving along, like always. I remember making the turn into my driveway and then—nothing! Can you imagine? Me, of all people, having a fainting spell." She sighed with self-pity. "Why, it was like somebody had hit me with a club. Next thing I knew, I was all jammed up between the steering wheel and the seat, and my head was aching, and my leg—oh, terrible!"

"Imagine," gasped her eagerly attentive audience.

"Yes," cried Mrs. Pierce. "The car had run right off the drive and into that big oak in the yard. Awful—awful."

Luckily, some as yet unidentified passerby had found her in the slightly damaged car, and had called Dr. Mitchell. The doctor had arrived about the time she was regaining her senses. As could be expected, Mrs. Pierce absolutely refused to be taken back into town to the hospital. And after examining her, Dr. Mitchell agreed that she would be as well off in her own home. She had a large lump on her head. Nothing serious. And her broken ankle—how that happened, no one could figure out, considering the minor nature of the accident—her ankle was quite painful, of course, but it was a simple fracture without complications.

Now, morning sunshine pouring through the bedroom windows shown on the heavy plaster cast that had immobilized Mrs. Pierce's right leg. A sling attached to a pulley-and-weight apparatus held the injured leg on inch or so above the bed.

"Too bad, too bad," mourned the callers—ladies from town and the neighboring farms—but the veiled glances they exchanged were not

altogether unhappy. Perhaps the ladies were thinking of the funeral all would attend that afternoon.

Soon the nurse on duty said firmly that Mrs. Pierce must rest, and the visitors departed. But Mrs. Pierce was not quite ready to settle down as yet. Ignoring the nurse's objections, she picked up the extension phone from the bedside table and called Agnes White.

And when Agne's tearful voice mumbled, "Hello?" at the other end of the line, Mrs. Pierce snapped bitterly: "Well, I must say that I expected you, of all people, to come out..."

JIM BAXTER hadn't gone home after he left his wife's body at the hospital. He had wandered aimlessly around town as dusk deepened into night. Through the tiny business district, on out into the residential area.

It had seemed perfectly logical—even inevitable—to find Cora Pierce's old sedan parked on the street in front of the White's place. Jim had slowly walked to the car. In darkness he had lifted the trunk lid, fumbled around until he found what he wanted. A short, heavy steel bar—a jack handle. Then he had closed the trunk and got into the back seat of the car, crouching down on the floor between the seats, and waited.

Dawn was breaking by the time he had got back to town, after hiking the thirteen miles from the Pierce's farm. Jim had checked into the hotel on Main Street, and slept until noon. The steel jack-handle that he had used to break Mrs. Pierce's leg, after first knocking her out, lay on the floor beside the bed. Later, Jim got rid of it.

At the funeral that afternoon he had looked tired and seedy, but people remarked how well he was taking it all, everything considered.

Then it was over and Joan disappeared forever into the earth. As soon as he could, Jim got away from well-meaning friends who gathered round him at the cemetery. He drove home, alone.

After putting the pickup in its shed, he followed the trail of dark, dry patches that led across the sun-baked yard to the house. On through the kitchen to the living room, where the trail ended in the wide and still-damp blotch on the rug near the telephone stand.

Jim sat down in a chair beside the phone. He folded his hands. He looked vacantly toward the blood-red sky beyond the west windows across the room. The sun vanished

below the horizon, and the warm red glow drained from the sky—just as life had drained from Joan, leaving—emptiness.

Jim thought: *the nurse will leave at midnight.*

Then the thought was gone and there was nothing. Not until the clock struck twelve times in the inky blackness of the room. Jim stirred then, left the chair, crossed to the window facing the road. He waited until a car purred by, heading for town. The nurse. Cora Pierce would be alone, now, until seven or eight in the morning. All alone. But not for long...

Jim got there a few minutes later. He parked at the back of the Pierce's house. He took off his shoes and padded silently to the screen door of the back porch. In his hand he carried a five-gallon can that sloshed gently as he moved. Only a faint sliver of moon hung in the black sky.

Jim poured gasoline from the can, over the porch; the back wall of the house itself. Breathing heavily, half-choking in the pungent fumes, he retraced his steps.

Standing beside the truck he took a twisted length of newspaper from his belt. A match from his pocket. A moment later a flickering flame arched through the night, landed on the porch steps. With a soft *whoof* the steps caught fire.

THE PICKUP swerved in a skidding turn as he cut sharply into his own yard. He applied the brakes, jumped out while the truck continued on until it banged into the side of the house and stopped.

Jim hurried inside, stumbled, and fell forward into the darkness. His hands came down hard on the edge of the drying pool of blood on the carpet—he could feel the heavy stickiness of it under his stinging palms.

Gasping, he scrambled up, reached for the phone.

He pressed the receiver to his ear, while interminable seconds ticked off, until finally a girl's sleepy voice mumbled, "Number please?... number please?..."

Jim cleared his throat. "Oh, yes. Give me four-eleven, ring two." He shifted the phone to his other hand, wiped his sticky palm on his shirt, while the phone buzzed twice, paused, buzzed twice, paused—then a metallic clatter, and a voice fuzzy with sleep, "Yes? Who is it?"

"Hello, Mrs. Pierce?"

"What? Who'd call at *this* hour, for heaven's sake!"

"It's early yet," Jim said. Looking

through the windows he could see a small red glow on the northern horizon. Any moment now. "How's the leg, Mrs. Pierce?"

"Why, how dare you disturb me? This is Jim Baxter, isn't it? What do you mean, calling me up like this?"

"We're neighbors, Mrs. Pierce," Jim said. "Neighbors are supposed to look after one another—"

"Now if you think I'm going to listen to any nonsense about your wife—as if I was in any way responsible—you've got another think coming, because—*what's that? Smoke!*"

"Smoke, Mrs. Pierce?"

A scream jabbed into Jim's ear. He grinned. The red glow to the north was larger now, flaring upward into the sky.

"Quick—the house is on fire—quick—help me!"

"Poo. I'll bet," said Jim.

"The fire department—call them—I can't get up—my leg—hurry, hurry I can see flames—"

"Oh, come now."

"Operator, operator—hurry—please please—"

"Why, Mrs. Pierce," Jim chided. "You know you can't make another call while I'm on the line. This is a party line, don't you remember? Maybe I should hang up."

"What are you saying—Can't you understand that my house is on fire! I'm trapped here—can't get out—I must have help!"

Jim could hear a dim crackling sound behind her frantic cries: "*It's closer—in the hall now—the flames—*"

"So long, Mrs. Pierce," Jim said. He gently laid the phone on the table. He went to the windows to watch the ever-expanding ball of fire in the distance. He could hear thin shrieks pouring from the phone. Minutes passed. A good ten minutes, before the phone was suddenly silent.

Jim went back to the table. Slowly he replaced the phone on its cradle.

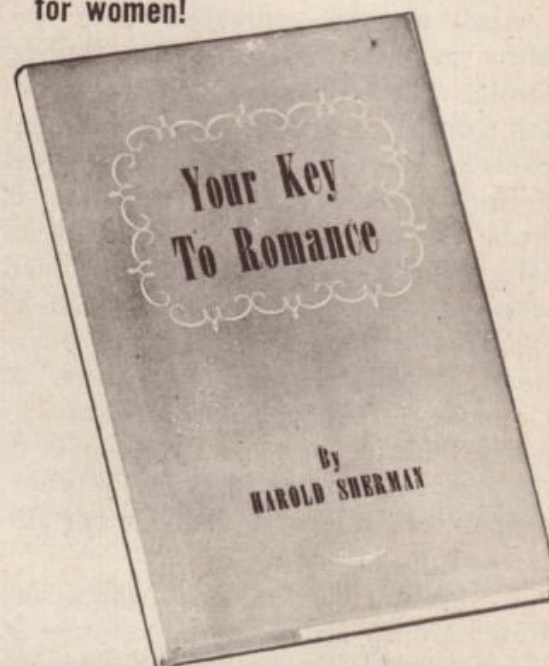
He sat in the chair and folded his hands in his lap. He was still there, hours later, when curious neighbors stopped by. But Jim didn't notice the way they crowded around the open front door to look in at him in sudden horror.

He stared at nothing through wide and glittering eyes. He kept repeating in a childish singsong: "Number please? Number please?..." and then he would cackle foolishly and repeat the words. He was still repeating them when the sheriff and two hospital attendants drove him back to town...



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REPORT, from page 33

should return to England. Of course he doesn't know the business she's in. "He isn't rich," Brenda said, but his family does have a fairly large estate and my earnings will help with some needed repairs about the place."

Last listed, but not the least among the ladies of the directory, is "MISS FETISHE," who describes herself as being 24 years old and whose dimensions are 43-25-37. She handles all types of erotically inclined clients, for exceptionally good fees, and advertises: "Theatrical Wardrobe Available — Shoes — Rubber Hosiery, etc. Phone: Covent 3319, Flat 10, 10 Phoenix House, Phoenix Street, Charing Cross Road."

And so the advertisements go. Most of the girls are Londoners, though a goodly number come from the Continent or from the provincial parts of the British Isles, both rural or industrial. Joyce, for instance, is from Coventry, the Detroit of Britain. She is a 22-year-old redhead who still retains a superb 36-23-35 figure after five years in the business. Does she plan to return to Coventry? "Why should I?" she replied. "Other than for brief visits to my parents once or twice a year, there's nothing for me there. My life is here in London."

Joyce had worked in an office before moving up to the big money in London by lying down in the world's oldest profession. Where she once earned five pounds a week as a clerk, she now makes more than most professional people, and it's all tax-free. England doesn't recognize prostitution and so therefore the girls feel under no compunction to report their earnings. "Besides," Joyce points out, "our clients have already paid taxes on what they give to us."

Like the majority of the girls in the Ladies Directory, Joyce merely puts in a six-hour day, beginning at 2 p.m. in her socially rented flat off Edgware Road and calling it quits at 8, when she returns to her swank apartment in the high-toned Earls Court section. During this working period she may see anywhere from 15 to 30 "friends" and will earn an average of \$100 a day, six days a week. She says her busiest day is not Saturday, as one might expect, but Monday. "That's because the men are just back in London after a full weekend with their wives," she explains with a sly twinkle in her eyes.

Most of the girls employ an aide, usually a woman of the lower classes but occasionally a woman of

breeding and refinement in need of money. This aide answers the telephone, welcomes the men as they arrive and seeks to keep them from growing impatient if her employer is at the time occupied with another client. The girls pay their aides an average of two pounds a day, plus whatever tips they can get the men to give them. The girls' working flats, usually consisting of a living room or small anteroom where the aide holds forth and a bedroom where, of course, where the main activity is enjoyed.

Elaine, who works out of a flat on Shaftesbury Avenue in the busy Soho district, pays a rental of forty pounds a week, which is not at all high considering her earnings. A trim brunette, 38-24-36, Elaine is 25 and the daughter of a barrister. She got into the business four years ago after bearing an illegitimate child to a young lord with whom she had been very much in love. Shortly afterward he married a member of his own class, a titled daughter of the aristocracy, and Elaine found herself on her own.

"Of course I couldn't live on what I was capable of earning because I hadn't been trained for anything except the life of a gentlewoman," she explained in her clearly enunciated upperclass voice. "So I took the only path available," she smiled, "the Primrose Path."

At first her clients were members of the wealthy sporting set, but though they paid well their patronage was not steady. Elaine was a "straight" girl for the first six months "and really, I quite enjoyed it." Then, like so many others, particularly after the persistence of some of her more erotically inclined clients and after comparing notes with a few of the more experienced girls she decided she was passing up big money by not broadening her services, and so she became "continental" and added such specialties as "Round the World" and "Up and Over" trips to her list of offerings.

"As soon as word got round my earnings jumped something tremendous," Elaine said. She ran a careless hand through her hair and laughed throatily. "And really, it is not as bad as one would think. As a matter of fact it's a challenge — and quite a bit of fun too."

Whereas Elaine received two pounds for a normal trick, she found she could get five pounds, at least half a dozen times a day, merely by prolonging her clients' pleasure through the added specialties.

"Most Englishmen prefer their sex straight," Elaine noted, "but about

one in five and most of my American and Continental visitors prefer the more exotic treatment. And," she added with a note of pride, "I always leave them satisfied. I believe in doing a thing well, no matter what it is. You might call this personal or professional pride, but it has paid off in many return visits."

Elaine intends to ply her trade for another five years before retiring. Then, she will move to where she is not known and probably marry. As she herself will be affluent, she will move in the circles of the well-to-do. She has no doubts of her ability to meet and marry the right man.

Elaine has been in her present flat only three weeks, having taken it over from a girl who retired rich at 33 after only three years in the business. "Her name was Lynne, though she called herself Lola," Elaine said. "She had been a nurse in Manchester before entering the business, which she decided to do after it occurred to her that she wasn't getting anywhere in life and that she was being foolish to put up with the miserable hours of the hospital night shift as she had for so many years."

Lynne banked her money regularly and when she had saved 20,000 pounds (\$56,000), she retired, "just like that," Elaine said, snapping her fingers. "She moved into another section of London and opened up her own business, antiques, which she has always loved, and home furnishings."

Elaine paused for several seconds, hugged herself luxuriously as she crossed her arms around her ripe breasts and admired the litheness of her slim hips and slender thighs. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if she isn't married to a nice, respectable, and rich man within the year," she chortled.

Elaine herself is a success story of sorts. She maintains a good home for her little boy in the country — complete with governess — and visits him Sundays and often during the week before work. And already she is well on the way to building up a sizeable fortune. Elaine has been putting a good part of her earnings into real estate in various parts of London, as well as in outlying areas. Her property in the Soho, Knightsbridge and Bond Street sections has tripled during the recent boom of the past few years, and she's not at all unhappy with her other holdings, which also have advanced in price though not so spectacularly as city real estate. So, prostitution in London seems to pay, even if it is more or less underground now.

WILLIAMS, from page 13

don't always just take Coca-Cola."

Some churchmen had been most negative against Tennessee Williams, called him sick, perverted, brutal. "What are your own feelings about religion," I asked.

"I've asked myself this question many times. I regard myself as being a very religious man. Every time I have a play opening, I close a door in a certain room and kneel down and pray . . . to God, and I very often receive an answer, in fact. I've always received an answer. This may sound very corny but even before the plays that I suspect were going to be failures, for instance *Garden District* I did that and suddenly had a feeling — you know, as if in response to the prayer — that was affirmative.

"I have a distinct moral attitude . . . toward good and evil and people. I don't believe in 'original sin.' I don't believe in 'guilt.' I don't believe in villains and heroes — only in right and wrong ways that blind individuals have taken, not by choice but by necessity or by still-uncomprehended influences in themselves their circumstances and their antecedents."

Now we both sipped our wine and smoked, silently.

"I dislike to intrude a highly personal, perhaps rude note," I said, "but I have to ask you . . ."

"I know, I know," he said, laughing. "Did I really make five million dollars with my works to date? No. It was four million. Please make that clear. Everyone prints that I made five. I wish it were, or had been, but the truth is, I'd have more than I have now with that extra million. I have to pay 87 percent income tax. I do not begrudge the sum or the percentage. I do ardently think that writers, who do fall on empty years, and players who do the same, should have a special 'spread' for their taxation so that an empty year is balanced against a rich year and thus a professional person can balance out. I say that what I have earned has done three simple things for me: it has allowed me to travel comfortably at will, to house myself pleasantly and to have steak instead of hamburger. Beyond that, it has no important meaning and . . ."

"And it has brought you the ability to serve Dom Perignon '49."

"No, Sam Spiegel did that. I'd never buy it for myself. But it's gone now, isn't it? We drank it and talked freely and I enjoyed it. It was a pleasure. Come again."

Best dinner I ever drank.



PARLOR,
from page 29

tities of wine, and once drank 22 bottles without leaving the table. For this admirable feat she won a husband, Frank Daroux, a gambler whom she later shot. But many of these men and women amassed fortunes, retired and became respectable in the eyes of society. It was from these ranks a poem sprang, which is occasionally quoted by the less pretentious Californians:

*The miners came in forty-nine,
The whores in fifty-one;
And when they got together
They produced the native son.*

In a land where the men lived without work and the women without shame, competition was understandably fierce. Vying for custom, one popular house (which featured French girls), advertised itself with a metal sign which depicted a scarlet rooster, holding the traditional red light in its beak, and a placard in its talons which read, "At the Sign of the Red" There was a word which is a four letter synonym for rooster. Another madame, with a touch of poetry in her black soul, hung out this sign: "Madame Lucy. Ye Olde Whore Shoppe."

When a man's chore was incomplete for one reason or another, he was usually issued a brass check which included the name of bawdy house and the legend "Good for One;" attached to the plaque by a thin wire was a machined bolt into which threads had been cut.

The traditional call by which harlots have been summoned into the parlors of American whore houses for more than a hundred years, is said to have originated in a Barbary Coast dive operated by Madame Bertha Kahn who invariably shouted: "Company, girls." She had 30 girls on call, and hers was one of the most refined houses in San Francisco.

While the parlor houses made some attempt in maintaining vestiges of human dignity, the dance halls, cribs and cow-yards were the dregs. No saloon operated without gambling and girls to entice men. In some of these holes, the girl waitresses wore no more than slippers, stockings, fancy garters, and short, red, buttonless jackets, which was said to be the most popular costume ever devised.

The cow-yards were a collection of cribs which were in turn simply crude shanties, usually equipped with a bed, wash basin, and a few curious signs, such as: "If at first you don't succeed . . ." And "Satisfaction, or Your Money Refunded." One motto particularly popular was the question: "What is Home without Mother?" In the cribs, the customer was not permitted to remove any of his clothing except his hat. Certainly, no self-respecting whore would entertain a man wearing a hat.

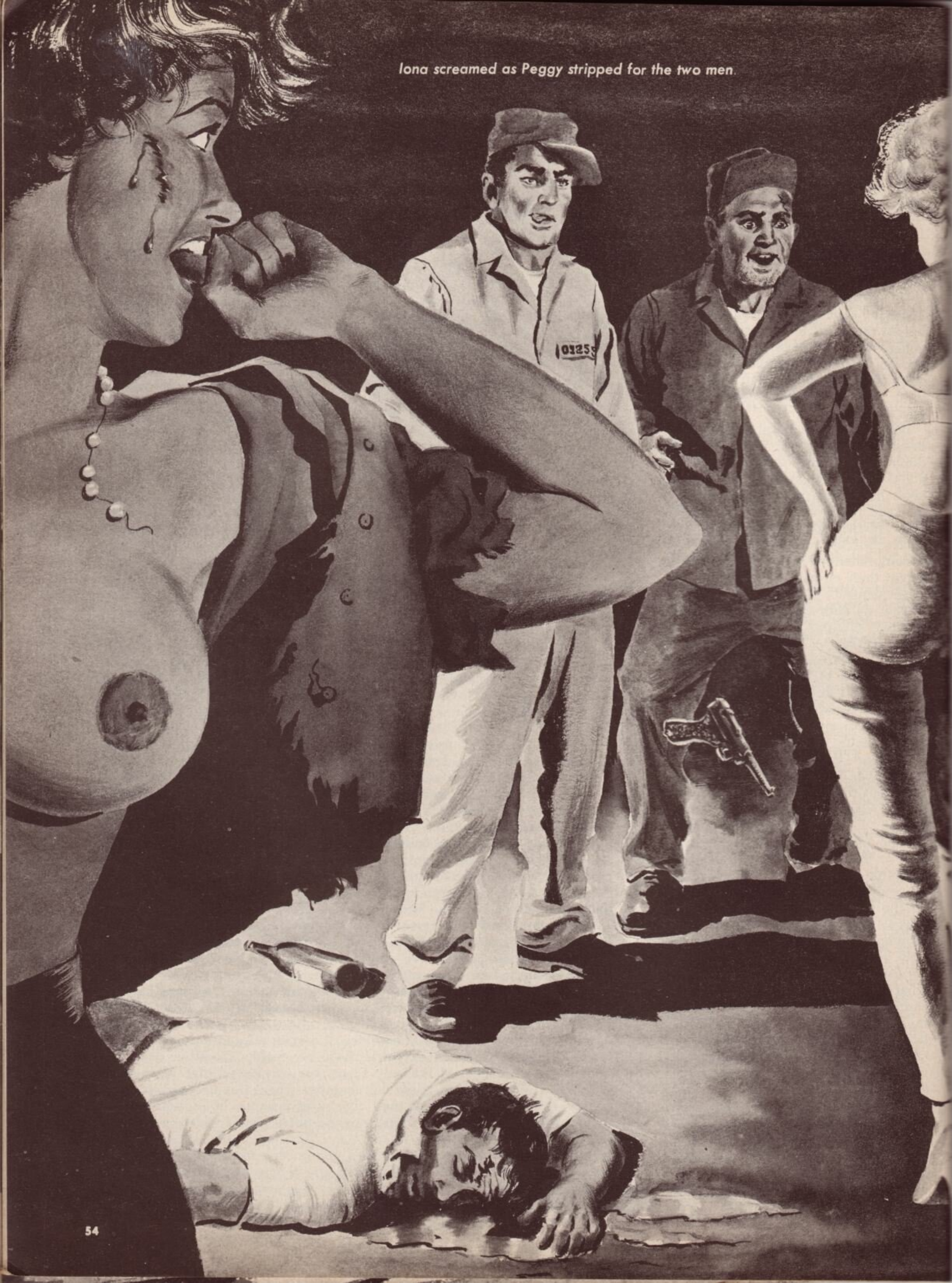
Worst of these cribs were contained in a two block section along Maiden Lane where every night the women leaned from casement windows, usually naked to the waist, hawking their wares. If business lagged, potential customers were allowed to touch breasts at the rate of 10c or 2 for 15c (Traditionally the Chinese girls, who were much in demand by men who wanted to assure themselves of certain alleged anatomical differences, called: "Two-bittee lookkee; flo-bittee feelee; six-bittee doee.")


Bella Cora's bagnio in Waverly Place was considered high class as it included a Virgin Room, a special chamber where demure and young-appearing inmates fobbed off their charms as pristine. In addition to the extra fee for the customer, there were peephole places which were sold for \$5 or \$10 each.

Bella Cora was being plagued by a young reporter during one of the sporadic reform movements. Thinking she might get the enterprising newsman off her back, Bella offered him the permanent use of a pert, young lass. When he refused, Bella screamed:

"You fool. She's a virgin. You'll never get another in San Francisco."

Iona screamed as Peggy stripped for the two men.



A black and white illustration of a woman from the waist up, wearing a one-piece swimsuit. She is holding a towel in her right hand and has her left hand extended downwards. The background is dark.

Only one desperate
gamble could stop the
crazed convicts

ICE STORM

by SAM MENNERS

TYPICALLY, Iona Hanney had insisted the three of them go to her country home and get the blue Persian carpet. She could have had it sent to her, or she could have sent Jack Howell, her current lover, after it. She could have sent her secretary-companion Peggy Thomas. But when Iona wanted something, she wanted it *now*. And if getting it put other people through hell or high water, that was just fine with her. She was whimsical and self-indulgent, and rich enough to afford both luxuries.

So, all three of them had made the jaunt, with Jack driving Iona's costly Jaguar sedan. And, shortly after they arrived, they were imprisoned by a sudden ice-storm in a house with a disconnected phone.

"Dammit, Jack, talk to me. I'm going out of my mind with boredom," Iona pouted.

He turned from the window to look at her. She lay on the sofa, long, lissom, greyhound elegant in her grey-velvet cocktail pajamas. The restlessness that, masked as vitality, had first drawn him to her, surrounded her in an aura of discontent.

"What's to say?" he asked irritably.

"Something—anything," she replied, reaching for the decanter on the table beside her.

She refilled her glass with deep amber cognac. A branch crashed against the house, and another followed like a boxer's one-two punch.

As he crossed the room and refilled his glass, she brushed dark-blond hair into place with silver-tipped fingers. "How long before we can get out of this prison?"

"An hour of sun ought to melt the ice on the driveway and the hill road," Jack answered. "But there'll be plenty of fallen timber to clear before we can hit the highway back to town."

Peggy Thomas came back then—she had paid the freezer a visit to check on their food supplies. Peggy, even in pedal-pushers and a loose angora sweater, was something to raise whistles. Her mahogany hair matched her eyes, and her lips were as full and firm as the breasts not even a loose sweater could conceal.

—turn the page

"WITCH OF THE SEA"

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STORM, from page 55

Where Iona was sables and ermine and emeralds, Peggy was woman — young woman.

"There's plenty of steak and ham and stuff," Peggy reported. Then, wrinkling a low, broad forehead, ringed with short, ruddy curls, she asked, "are there rats in the cellar?"

"Christ! I hope not. Did you see any?"

"No — but I heard something through the wine-cellar wall."

"Probably mink," said Jack. A rat, he thought, wouldn't dare to intrude on Iona's exotic and expensive world.

Covertly regarding Peggy, he wondered about her. She had been something of a dancer and actress before latching on as secretary-companion to Iona. He wondered why she had given up her independence to become a whipping girl for the difficult millionairess.

Another branch crashed, and jolted his thought-train toward himself and his own relationship with Iona.

Subconsciously, he must have resolved that, given the opportunity to embrace a greyhound lean, elegant, high-fashion-type girl, he'd latch on. Opportunity had arrived in the svelte shape of Iona — and he had latched. It had been a mistake, a bad one, because here he was, neither husband nor fiancé, little more than a gigolo.

When the mood was upon her, in her cool, high-bred way, Iona was sexy enough. But she gave herself to no man. She used him, as she had used his predecessors, merely for her own enjoyment. He had never mastered her, and it was this, he suspected in that moment of introspection, that had caused him to hang on.

Another branch went down, smashing into the roof of one of the outbuildings with a crunching sound. Jack realized that he was looking hungrily at Peggy's ripe, vital curves, and that Iona was regarding him with one eyebrow uplifted. To cover his momentary confusion, he reached for another drink... and froze.

It was at that moment that the two strangers entered the room. There was no question as to who and what they were — their descriptions and the story of their escape from state prison had been on the car radio all during the drive from town. Pug Gorman, five feet nine inches tall, 195 pounds, blonde-haired with a slight, diagonal scar over his left eyebrow — serving ten to twenty for bank robbery. Frenchy

Dulac, six feet one, 175 pounds, dark-haired, in for life on a succession of lover's lane sex-crimes.

Gorman, in the lead, carried a Luger in his right hand and an open magnum of champagne in his left. Dulac, with a matching bottle in either hand, had a Colt .45 thrust in the belt of his prison trousers.

"Since we're all stuck here," said Pug, "we decided to join the party."

For the first time since his Korean fox-hole days, Jack Howell gave himself up for dead. Instantaneously, he knew what these men were, what they were going to do — and, at the same time, that there was not a thing he could do about it. Like an idiot, he heard himself saying to Peggy, "You were right about those rats in the cellar."

He caught the mute warning in Peggy's eyes, even as the convicts switched their bleary regard from the girls to himself. Dulac made a move toward the gun in his belt, but Pug motioned him to stillness. Taking two rolling strides toward Jack, he said, "That's not very sociable, chum. Like I said, all we want to do is join the party."

"Hit him, Jack," said Iona unexpectedly. "Hit him!"

The burly convict turned to regard the rich woman. His pale blue eyes undressed her. He crossed to the couch and slapped her hard across the face.

"Lady, you act like you want to get somebody killed."

"You hurt me!" cried Iona. "You hurt me, you son of a bitch!"

"Imagine that?" Pug looked in mock-bewilderment at his taller companion. "And all the time, I thought I was giving her a love-pat."

He backhanded her on the other side of her patrician face, causing her lip to puff.

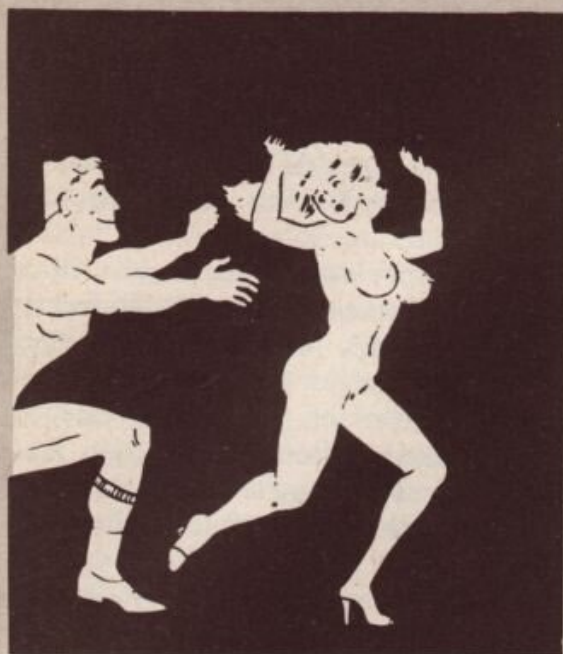
She gave a shrill and harsh cry and covered her face with her hands.

After making sure neither Peggy nor Jack offered a threat, Pug tore the top of Iona's costly grey-velvet cocktail pajamas all the way down the front. He eyed her exposed breasts with interest, tried to flip one of them with the fingers of one hand, then looked at his companion in disgust.

"What in hell's she got to be so snotty about?" He shrugged, then chuckled. "Maybe things get better downstairs." His hand moved toward Iona's trousers.

Jack stood frozen. Frenchy Dulac had drawn his gun, and the little round eye of the muzzle was staring unwinkingly at his stomach.

—turn to page 58



Adam's TALES

ALIEN

The woman's threesome entered the country club ladies' locker room after a round of golf one afternoon to discover that a man was concealed in one of the stall showers with the most salient point of his anatomy on display. The rest of him was hidden behind the brief curtain.

"He's not *my* husband," said one lady.

"And he's certainly not mine," said a second.

"Hell," said the youngest and prettiest of them, who was unmarried. "He's not even a member of the club!"

* * *



MISDIRECTION

Sophia Bubisi, the ultra-upholstered Continental film floozie was signed up by a major Hollywood studio and imported to play the female lead in an "epic" Western. However, trouble quickly developed on the set when Sophia stamped on the stage and said, "But I cannot play dis scene, signor."

Said the director patiently, "But honey, all you gotta do is point out the way the outlaws went when the sheriff's posse comes riding up."

"Si, I know," said Sophia. "But have you read the action in the script?"

"What is it, Sophia honey?"

Said the angry star, "It say here that I mus' put my hands behin' my back, take a deep breath, turn east and say, 'They went thatasway!' Which one do they follow?"

* * *

OOPS!

A handsome young lass from Dubuque
Went sailing one day with a duque.
When she said, "If I'm slow,
I'm as pure as new snow,"
The duque leaned right over to puke.

* * *

CREDO

A call-girl with modern ideas recently had printed some professional cards which stated, "It's a business to do pleasure with you."

* * *



WONG NUMBER

When this young Chinese couple, name of Wong, became parents for the first time, Mr. Wong was overjoyed. But his joy turned to horror when he visited the hospital and discovered that the infant was white of skin and redheaded. Accusing his wife, he cried, "Two Wongs don't make a white, you know."

To this, his bride replied nonchalantly, "Oh well, it was purely Occidental."

* * *

LONG GONE

There are some babes who will work so hard for a mink coat that, by the time they get it, they can't button it!

* * *

IN A TRICE!

There was a young man, name of Rice,
Who remarked, "I think bigamy's nice.

If two are a bore,
Try three or try four —
For the plural of spouse, is spice!"

* * *

SAVVY

A trio of little French boys, aged six, eight and ten, were returning from school one afternoon when they passed an open window inside which a pair of lovers were consummating their affection. With the native curiosity of all kids, they stopped to watch the action.

"Regard," said the six-year-old. "That lady and gentleman — they are having a terrible fight."

"You are in error, Pierre," said the eight-year-old. "They are engaged in making *l'amour*."

"*Mais oui*," agreed the ten-year-old, "but very, very badly."

* * *



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STORM,
from page 56

Pug inserted thick, dirty fingers inside the waistband of Iona's slacks.

"Why waste your time, good-looking?"

Incredibly, it was Peggy's voice. It was lower, throatier, sexier, than Jack had ever heard it. It stopped all action.

"You can find better than that in the frozen-food locker," Peggy said, moving forward, looking like a miniature Mae West, waist slack, lips parted, hips undulating in open enticement. Pug stared at her, seeing her for the first time, and his own mouth went slack.

"I suppose you got better?" Pug said.

"You might try to find out."

"Yeah, I might at that," Pug rubbed a hand over his mouth.

"For God's sake, Peggy!" cried Jack, horrified.

Pug took three swift steps toward Jack, and his last immediate memory was of trying to fend off an upraised arm in which the Luger was held...

WHEN HE CAME to, he was lying against the wall. The left side of his head felt as though it had been ripped open by a meat-hook. He put a hand to it and felt blood and torn, swollen flesh.

Iona, her torn grey-velvet pajamas hanging open unnoticed from her slim torso, was sitting upright on the sofa. Her eyes were wide open. Her tongue protruded slightly from her lips. Jack heard himself moan, but she paid no attention.

Despite the pain and his dazed condition, he followed her tense regard — and felt a wave of revulsion sweep over him. They were doing it on a pile of cushions over against the side-wall. Frenchy and Peggy, were stark naked. An equally naked Pug looked on approvingly, pistol in his right hand, pausing only to take an occasional gulp of champagne from the bottle held in his left.

Jack had been around. He had seen sex shows in Paris and Tokyo. He had watched the "beef-trust" whores of Hamburg do their stuff. He had more than once participated in such orgies. But, watching the job that Peggy was doing on the tall, inarticulate convict, he knew

he was seeing a champion at work.

Then, over the tall convict's heaving shoulder, he saw Peggy's brown eyes carrying a plea, even as she gave her incredibly well-trained body wholly to the task she had assigned it.

War experience had taught him, when self-preservation demanded it, to weigh every aspect of a situation in the flicker of an eye. This was not a matter of vengeance but of preservation — not only his own, but Iona's and Peggy's. And it was Peggy who was giving them a chance.

Iona was useless, caught up in her own voyeurism, useless anyway because of her cowardice and inexperience with violence. He saw where Pug was standing, in unlovely nudity, in relation to the heaving, throbbing, undulating couple on the cushions, in relation to couch, to table, to the two magnums of champagne Frenchy had put upon it. He began to realize a pattern that might — just might — work.

Slowly, he used the wall to work himself to his feet. When he moaned and looked around, the Luger was aimed directly at him. Jack knew that if Pug fired he was dead.

The pale-blue eyes of the chunky convict were on him steadily.

"Let me have a drink," Jack said. He had no need to make his voice sound hoarse with thirst — it already was.

Pug hesitated. On the cushions, Frenchy began to grunt rhythmically, the sound echoed in the otherwise silent room until Pug said, "Okay. Like it's a party, so why not? But don't try anything, though, chum."

Jack nodded and moved toward the brandy decanter. He had already decided the magnums of champagne were too heavy, too ungainly, to serve the purpose he had in mind. He risked a covert glance at Peggy, who was contorting herself violently in the taller convict's embrace. Once again her eyes were pleading with him — and this time he answered in kind.

Jack lifted the decanter, without unstopping it, well aware that Pug was watching his every move. With it, he gestured toward Iona, who still leaned forward in rapt fascination toward the sex-show.

"Get her!" he said to Pug.

"Crazy!" was the convict's eloquent comment as he took in the rich woman's intentness.

At that moment, Peggy gave vent to a moan of passion, and Jack switched his gaze to watch her begin a succession of bumps and grinds a

burlesque queen might well have envied. To Pug, he said, "Well, she's got something to look at. Get *that!*"

Pug half-turned toward the spectacle. Mustering every ounce of strength that was in him, Jack hurled the decanter at Pug's head.

The heavy, cut-glass brandy-container hit the convict just above and in front of his right ear. Pug staggered. Before he could either fall or regain his balance, Jack leaped upon him and plucked the Luger from suddenly nerveless fingers. As he did so, he noted that its tip was dark with clotted blood — his own.

Automatically, his thumb checked the safety, found that it was off. He put an arm around Pug's bull neck, pulled him close; placed the muzzle against his naked right flank and felt the gun buck as he sent two bullets ploughing through Pug's unprotected flesh.

Frenchy, emerging from his orgasmic rapture, made a grab for his own gun, which he had laid on the floor beside the cushions. For an instant, Peggy continued to cling to him.

"Let him go!" Jack yelled. "Roll clear!"

Peggy wrenched herself free.

Frenchy snatched the .45 and swung it toward Jack.

Jack's bullet crunched through the bridge of his nose, squarely between the eyes. Frenchy fell back. As if it were a reflex action his gun sent a single bullet through the carpet.

Jack looked at the corpse, then let the gun drop from his hand. He was suddenly nauseated and weak at the knees. His head was hurting again. He managed to lift Peggy's pedal-pushers from a chair and hand them to her. "Here — better put these on, baby."

Then he staggered to an armchair and collapsed...

THERE WAS A LOT to be done, and, of course, Iona, went to bed and refused to help.

Jack and Peggy got the convicts' bodies to the cellar and stuffed them into the freezer. It had to be done — they might still be imprisoned for days by the storm.

Because he had to, Jack went to Iona's bedroom. "It's all cleaned up," he said. "You can come out now."

Iona's mouth was set as thin and hard as a steel blade. "Is *she* still here?"

"Of course, there's no way to get out."

"If I have to stay in the same house with a bitch like that," said

— turn to page 60

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STORM, from page 59

Iona, "I'd rather keep to my room. Please tell her not to come in here."

His first reaction was an urge to try and slap some appreciation into her of the fact that Peggy had saved her from rape, probably from death. His second reaction, as he realized this was impossible, was pity. It was the age-old reaction of the "respectable" woman against the horror of being obligated to a whore.

Iona added, "That little tramp deceived me when I asked her about her background. She told me it was respectable."

Jack shut the bedroom door quietly behind him.

In the living room Peggy was seated in an armchair, smoking a cigarette. She raised an eyebrow as Jack came into the room. "Well?"

"Just what you'd expect," he told her.

"Oh..." Peggy took a long puff, then regarded him thoughtfully. "And what about you? Now that you know about me - any questions?"

"Just one," he said quietly. "Why in hell did you ever sign up with Iona?"

She shrugged. "I figured I might learn something about how the upper half lives." Then, searchingly, "And why did you let her put a stamp on you? You're hardly the gigolo type."

He told her about the reaction from pinups and army coarseness. Then he said, "It seems I'm just one of the boys myself" He added after a moment, "If I remember rightly, there's quite a reward out for the boys in the freezer. It might set us up."

"Us?" she countered wonderingly. "You can't mean it - not after what's happened."

"Why not? Iona won't talk - not when she realizes how it will make her sound. I won't talk. And the boys in the freezer certainly won't."

"I don't know," she said. "Oh, I go for you, Jack, I have for a long time. But after this - I've got to have a little time."

He looked through the picture window. The storm showed no signs of letting up.

"Sure, honey," he said. "But it's only got one way to work out. You're the damndest, bravest woman I ever met."

"I didn't know about you," she said, "until you did what you did. How about we have a drink, just you and I?"

"Why not?" he countered, and he knew it was going to be fine.

Adam Stag Party Series

Scorching adult stag party records definitely not for the timid! Produced especially for people who can enjoy a good laugh and are not shocked by the bold but so daringly delightful intimacies depicted in these records.

STORIES MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU by Buzzy Greene (FAXLP-1006)

Women blush, girls scream, men roar with approval as Buzzy belts out the wildest stories you've ever heard. "Gay Boys", "Perfect Ass", "Wild Goose", "Bashful Bride", "Men's Room", etc.



SONGS FOR ADULTS ONLY by Terri O'Mason (FAXLP-1011)

Torrid selection of risque songs by an exciting blonde sexbomb. Daringly naughty tales of sex and frolic. "He Liked To Nibble On My Cupcakes", "My First Piece", "Three Little Sisters", etc.



SHOCKING HUMOR OF BERT HENRY by Bert Henry (FAXLP-1012)

Racy mixture of sex and belly laughs delivered with scorching machine-gun-like explosiveness. "Big Banana", "Rape", "Room Sixty-Nine", "In Her Posse", "Snatch A Kiss", "Hormones", etc.



BACK FOR SECONDS by Terri O'Mason (FAXLP-1014)

A wild sexorama of thrills, laughs and tingling excitement in song and verse that really sizzles. "Tight Situation", "Love Affair", "Sausages", "Young Man From France", "Familiar", etc.



STORIES FOR SEX-MINDED MALES by Buzzy Greene (FAXLP-1004)

Let down your hair and enjoy the bawdiest gags and action this side of the Torrid Zone. "Queer Termite", "Lost Toupee", "The Navy Way", "A Bust In The Mouth", "The Young Greek", etc.



HOLLYWOOD'S SMOKER BALLADS by Mister "X" (FAXLP-1015)

The scandalous limericks, rhymes and forbidden ditties of a well known but anonymous entertainer. "Throes Of Fornication", "Red Light Saloon", "None Is Bigger Than Mine", "Bel-la", etc.



FAX WILD PARTY SERIES

Rollicking, frolicking tales of sin, sex and seduction to titillate fun-loving adults. These are the authentic, unexpurgated versions. The PARTY SONGS albums feature bone-tickling ballads, erotic folk songs and lusty sea shanties. The SERVICE SONGS albums feature songs about the hell holes of the world, officers, carousing and jaded whores. All services included.



SATURDAY NIGHT RIOT Wild Party Songs (FAXLP-2001)

A choice selection of torrid ribaldry. "Charlotte The Harlot", "The Bastard King Of England", "Come Tie My Root", "Bang Away Lulu", "The Girls From Campus Hall", "The Jolly Tailor", etc.



OFF LIMITS Wild Service Songs (FAXLP-2002)

Scorching service songs as they were actually sung. "Miss V.D. Of Guam", "Our First Piece Of Tail", "Old Smokey Was Blue", "Guantanamo Bay", "The Goddamn Reserves", "Fighter Pilots", etc.



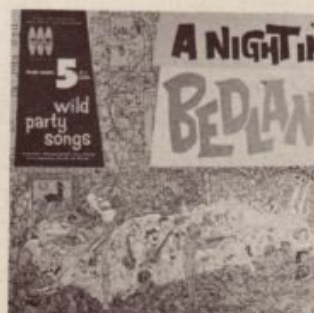
SPICE AFTER HOURS Wild Party Songs (FAXLP-2003)

A fun-tastic collector's gem. "Harlot Of Jerusalem", "Roll Your Leg Over", "Blinded By Turds", "Poor Little Angeline", "Squire Of Great Renown", "Young Sailors", "In Abilene", etc.



FURTHER OFF LIMITS Wild Service Songs (FAXLP-2004)

Lusty service songs you'll never forget. "Kiss The Louie's Brass", "Wine, Women and V.D.", "Frig The Flying Fortress", "Roll Me Over", "Have A Baby On Me", "Honey, Oh Baby Mine", "Korea", etc.



A NIGHT IN BEDLAM Wild Party Songs (FAXLP-2005)

Includes some of the greatest classics of all time. "Her Cuckoo's Nest", "Cats On The Rooftops", "Get Along Home Cindy", "Sheik of Arabie", "Colombo", "Tom Bolynn", "Poor Lillian", etc.



SIN ALONG WITH US Wild Party Songs (FAXLP-2006)

A sexualation collection of lusty ribaldry. "Winnipeg Whore", "Her Promised Land", "Sweet Violets", "Black Eyed Suzie", "I Did But I Don't Anymore", "Nothing At All", "Ring Ding Doo", etc.

FAX RECORD COMPANY, Dept. AD-52 1018 North Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, California

GENTLEMEN: Please rush me the records I have checked below. Enclosed is \$_____ () cash, () check, () money order for payment in full. (All orders shipped postage prepaid.) (Sorry, no C.O.D. orders accepted.) ALL RECORDS ARE FULLY GUARANTEED. YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU ARE NOT DELIGHTED. (Indicate order below.)

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| <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-2002 | <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-1011 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> OFF LIMITS • W.S. SONGS | <input type="checkbox"/> SONGS FOR ADULTS ONLY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-2003 | <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-1012 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SPICE AFTER HOURS • W.P. SONGS | <input type="checkbox"/> SHOCKING HUMOR OF BERT HENRY |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-2004 | <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-1014 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FURTHER OFF LIMITS • W.S. SONGS | <input type="checkbox"/> BACK FOR SECONDS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-2005 | <input type="checkbox"/> FAXLP-1004 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> A NIGHT IN BEDLAM • W.P. SONGS | <input type="checkbox"/> STORIES FOR SEX-MINDED MALES |
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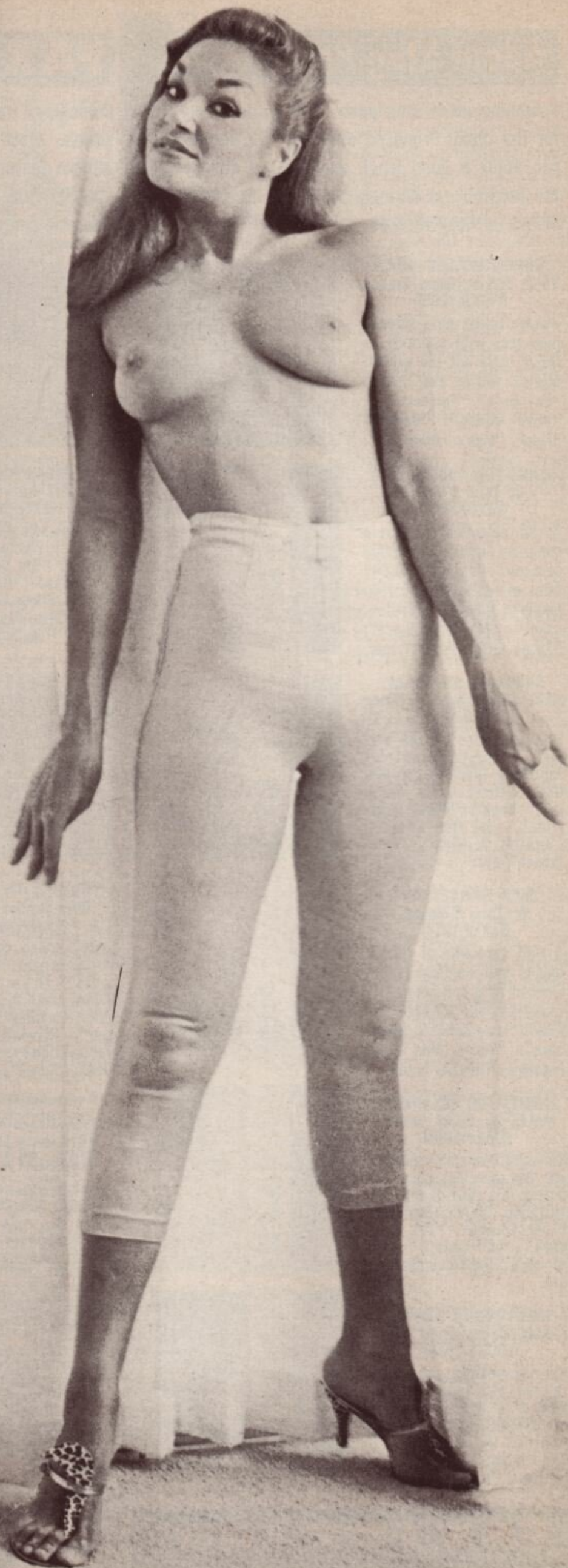
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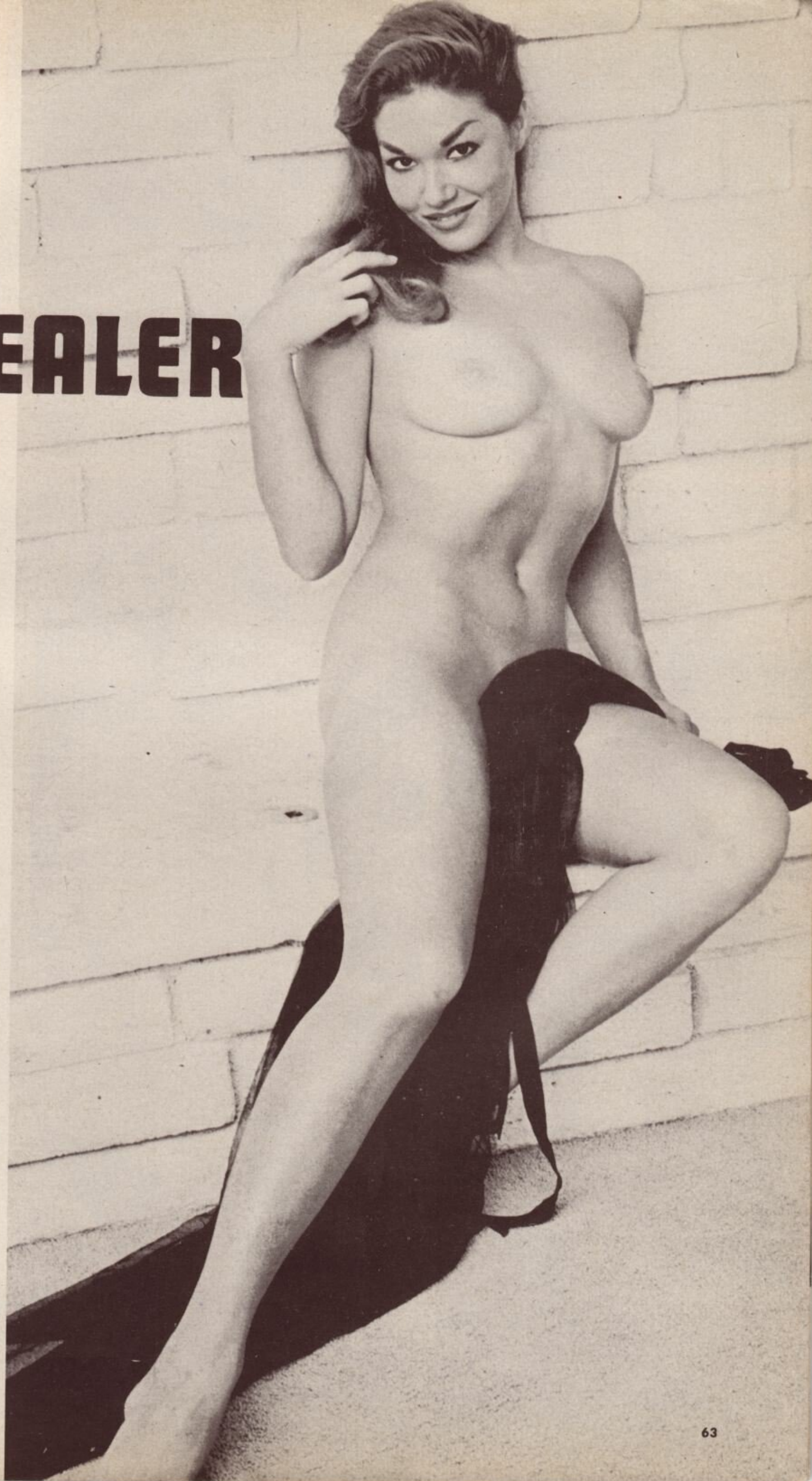


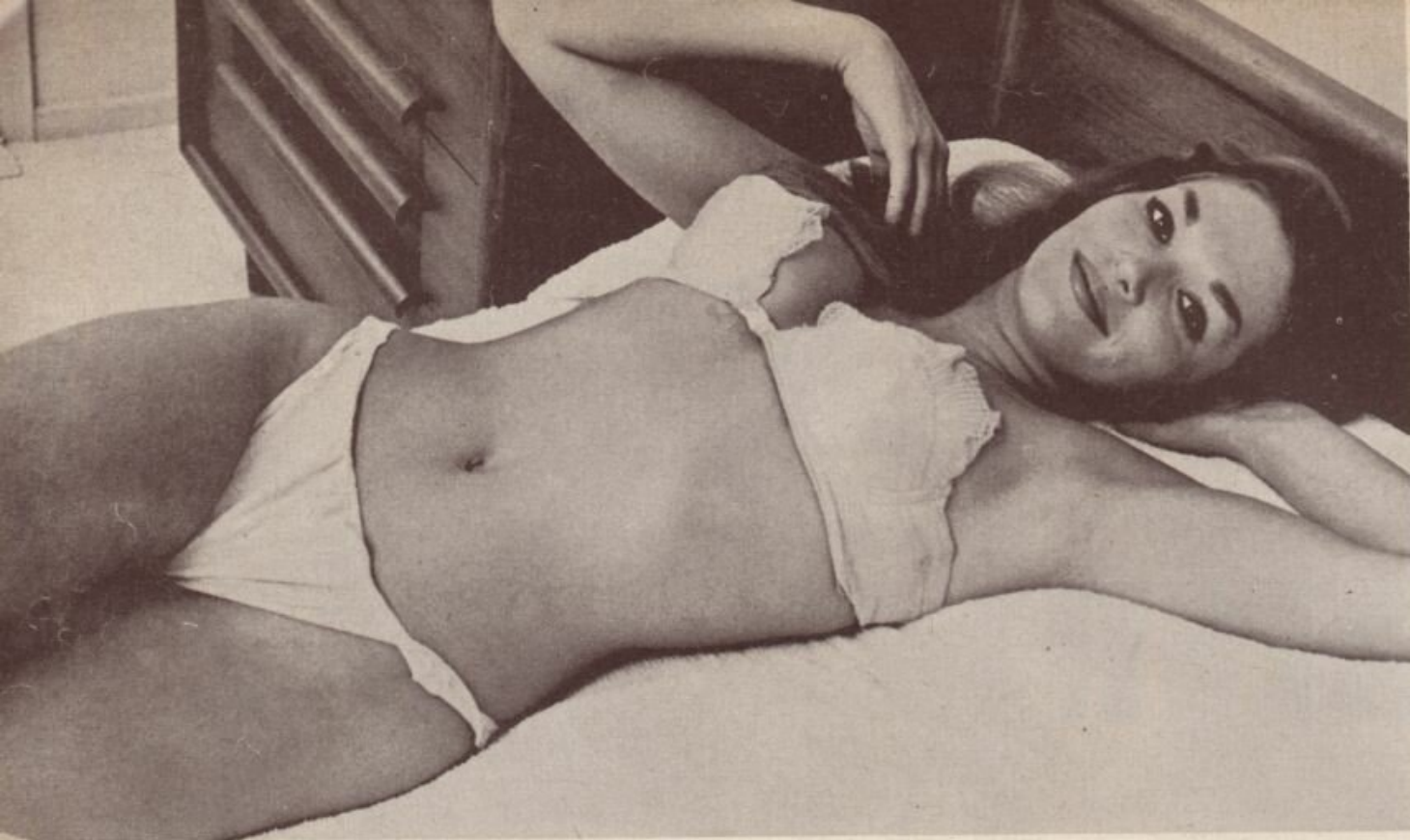
Should her charms
ever fail, this beautiful,
redheaded bundle of
sex can still get money
from men —
as a blackjack dealer!

BIG DEALER

IN A WORLD where outstandingly beautiful dolls seem to increase in numbers every year, even such an outstandingly beautiful doll as Jill St. Marie seems to find it a smart idea to have a profitable sideline to fall back on. In Jill's case, it's blackjack, for she recently put in six months of a two-year Las Vegas stint dealing blackjack at the Wagon Wheel, one of that fabulous Nevada resort's Western-style temples to the Goddess of Chance. The other eighteen months of her stay there, Jill performed as a showgirl at the more exotic Dunes Hotel.

- Currently serving a stint in Manhattan's equally fabulous Latin Quarter, Jill has near-ideal equipment, if not as a Latin, as a showgirl, with her exotically boned features, her long, lean, five-foot-nine-inch body, her red hair, brown eyes and dream lateral measurements of 38-23-36. In fact, Jill is one of the most-sought-after showgirls around.





Jill is that great combination — a beauty with brains. But she gets by — in spades!





- Age 22, Jill is smart beyond her years. Born in Montreal, she developed early and took off on her own at 15. "I've been independent ever since," she admits quite candidly.

- Yet, even so, she managed to put in 3½ years on a Physical Ed. course at Arizona State, and knows more of the world and men than most women ever do. "Why not?" she says, again frankly. "Men are my only real hobby."

- One item on which she likes to remain silent, however, is the origin of the curved scar that gives distinction to her already fascinating face.

- Jill wants to be a "good actress", prefers sports clothing, has no special peeves and goes for the color red and the classics in music. She is unmarried, prefers fruit above other foods and has won an enviable reputation at Vegas and elsewhere as, "A helluva great girl!"



BEHIND THE COVER



AUBURN- HAired Shirley Quimby, currently lighting up ADAM's cover with her own brand of sultry iridescence, is a 22-year-old from Northern California, who stands 5'4" and dimenses otherwise at an eye-catching 40-23-33. No stranger to ADAM's inside pages, Shirley has just completed a showgirl stint in Las Vegas.

A WORD ABOUT EVE



JOYCE LONDON is undoubtedly the most interesting and unique EVE we have ever run in ADAM Magazine. At 5'7" and 120 pounds, she tapes in at a remarkable 37-24-36 and is also a remarkably beautiful and remarkably nice girl. But the most remarkable things about her are the fact that she actually raises rabbits as her hobby and her highest ambition in life is to be a perfect wife. After all that research ADAM knows she has every chance of success.



QUICK,
from page 19

Westmore. But he held onto his self-control and said mildly, "But why me? I don't know any girls at least not in Westmore."

"She must have seen your picture in the paper," said Jackson. "After all, there's been quite a lot of publicity since your wife's death. She must have mistaken you for somebody else."

"Undoubtedly," said Alan, wishing his throat were not quite so dry.

"The story is, you gave her a lift from somewhere along the road to Westmore at the time this boy was killed." He sighed and shook his greying head. "The other boy claims she hit the victim over the head with a bottle and ran. She claims she ran when they started fighting over her, that the killing came later, after you picked her up. It could be either way, but the boys' families have money, and she's a Nona from Nowhere. That's probably why she made this grab for you."

"What do I have to do?" said Alan.

"The sheriff at Westmore is bringing her down here now," replied the detective. "She should be here any moment. By the way, her name's Nita Hollis. That mean anything to you?"

"I never heard it before," said Alan quite truthfully...

When he looked at her — tearful, defiant, hopeful — as she was brought in, still in jeans and loose shirt, he felt miserable at what he was going to have to do. She was so young, so utterly friendless, so alone. Yet, if he admitted the truth, he would be putting himself right into the gas chamber. To date, no one had questioned his having spent the night in the Modesto hotel. But once they suspected, they would begin to dig in. They'd look into the car he had "borrowed" in Modesto, they'd discover a tire had gone mysteriously flat that night, they'd open a new and far more thorough investigation of Geneva's death. Even if they didn't come up with evidence to execute him, they'd learn enough to put him through a long and costly trial. They'd find out about Lori and himself — at least following Geneva's death — and they'd have a motive.

No, he was going to have to deny ever seeing Nita Hollis.

She said, her voice still bearing a little girl's lightness, "Golly, Mr. Brand, until I saw your picture in the paper I thought I was cooked. But with you to back me up, I'll be in the clear."

"Well?" Lieutenant Jackson asked him.

"Sorry." Alan shook his head, "I never saw this girl before in my life."

"Okay then" — both detective and sheriff's man seemed relieved — "I guess that's it then."

But the trusting blonde was turning into an avenging fury before their eyes. She swore profusely, then said, "I wasn't gonna tell you this because he done me a favor. But before he dropped me off in Westmore that night, I paid him back."

She went on to describe what had happened between them with, to Alan, horrifying detail. Concluded, she said, "Try to deny that, Mr. Nice Man!"

"Of course I deny it," said Alan, feeling like a man in an oarless skiff being drawn inexorably over the lip of Niagara Falls.

"Okay then," went on the girl, "you got a dimple in your side that looks like a bullet-scar. And you..." Here she proceeded to describe a large mole atop his left thigh and the mortar slash just above his right knee that, along with the abdominal "dimple," were souvenirs of Korea. Her vividness shook the officers as much as it shook Alan.

"Better get her out of here," said Jackson to the sheriff's man when she paused for breath.

Alan heaved a sigh. It had been heavy going. "Kids!" he exclaimed, grinning wryly and mopping his brow. "Where do you suppose they pick that stuff up?"

"She's twenty," said the detective, as though that explained everything. Then he glanced at Alan, scowling a little, and said, "I don't suppose you'd object to taking a physical examination — just to clear this mess up?"

Alan thought of the bullet scar in his side. He thought of the mole and the shrapnel scar the girl had so accurately described. He thought of what would happen if he turned the lieutenant down.

Then he said, very quietly, "I don't think that will be necessary. You see the girl's telling the truth."

He could see the intent, speculative expression grow on the lieutenant's face as he rose to leave the office. He wasn't going to have much free time left, he thought. He might as well enjoy it.

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CONTACT?

I'm interested in writing to a reader of ADAM. In Vol. 4, No. 4 of your magazine, a young lady named Nora Layne wrote you, saying she is an aspiring model. I tried to contact her, but the address was not sufficient. Would you help?

Dave Crum
Carthage, Ill.

We thought so, but we lost the original address. Sorry.
* * *

BULL FEVER

In ADAM Vol. 4, No. 10 you printed a piece by Hoyt McAfee called, "This American Torero Has It" which I really enjoyed. Living here on the border I get an opportunity to see most of the good toreros who appear in the Plaza and I've been a fan for a long time — not only of bull fighting but of Hoyt's accounts of it. I think it's pretty fine that my favorite magazine is now running accounts on my favorite sport. Incidentally, how about running some bullfighting pieces by Barnaby Conrad or Poppa Hemingway?

Chuck Moos
Nogales, Arizona

We haven't seen too many corrida accounts across our desks, but we'll be coming up with another Hoyt McAfee piece in a future issue. Glad you liked our first.
* * *

BEST IN CLASS

Seen your magazine for the first time and think it best in its class. The layouts and half-tones are excellent. I should like to hear from any readers with back numbers to exchange for ones from over here. I work as an artist and am also keen on photography. Thank you!

P. MacAllister
58 Andersontown Park
Belfast 11, N. Ireland

It seems like we're really getting around. ADAM hopes that printing your address will give you the response you're looking for.
* * *

WHA' HOPPEN?

Something happened in the printing of ADAM (Vol. 4, No. 7) so that when I turned to the back to find out something about the provocative miss on the cover, all I could find was her name. The rest was empty space. Please, please, fill me in, and tell me whether Marli has appeared in other recent issues.

Peter B.
Pleasant Valley, N.Y.

She just appeared on that one cover and we've been after her to do a full layout for us ever since. Sometimes these things take time — but they're worth waiting for.
* * *

CALENDAR CUTIE

Is it possible to get a print (for framing) of ADAM'S August Calendar girl, Dianne Webber?

Hugh Gardner
Venice, Cal.

Sorry, we'd like to, but we just don't have any.
* * *

things to come



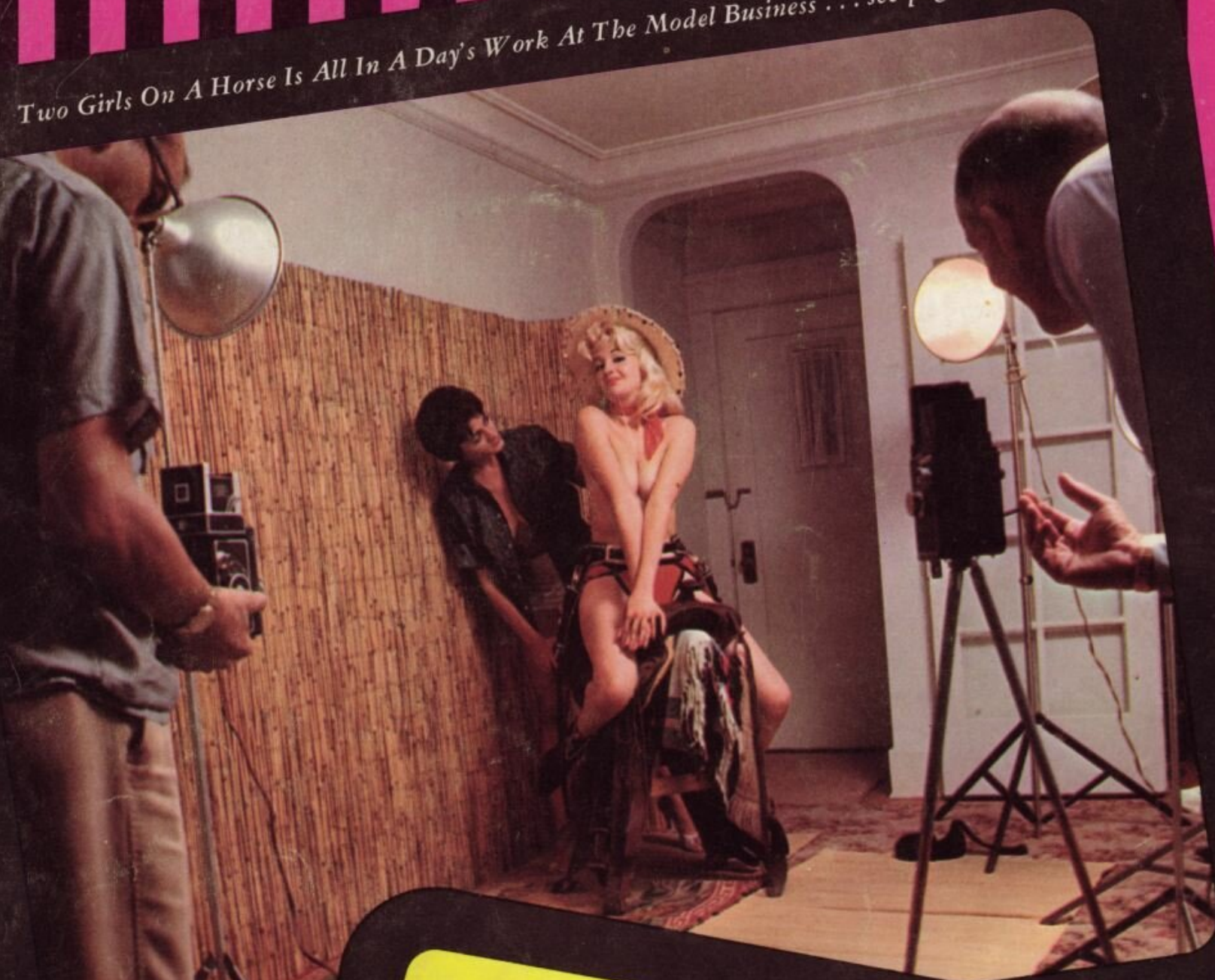
next issue

ADAM Introduces Sabine DuMois, Belgium Beauty, Actress And Sexy Gourmet

and

Analyzes The Secrets And Delights Of Pogonothropism.

Two Girls On A Horse Is All In A Day's Work At The Model Business . . . see page 24



ADAM IN WORDS

- Exclusive Report From Our Man In Picadilly Circus see page 30*
Horrible Revenge For The Party Line Disaster see page 20
Death Plot Of The Mafia Leader see page 38
Tennessee Williams: Genius Or Literary Sensationalist? see page 10
Retribution Of The Kleptomaniac White Slaver see page 4

ADAM IN PICTURES

- Eleanor Bradley Is One Steno Who Shows Her True Talents see page 7*
A Special Tour Through Fiascoville With Charles Dennis . see page 14
ADAM's Rabbit Girl, An Exclusive see page 34
Japan's Latest Strip Sensation Is From Down Under see page 44
Blackjack, Ballet Or Bazoom: Jill St. Marie Has IT see page 62



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